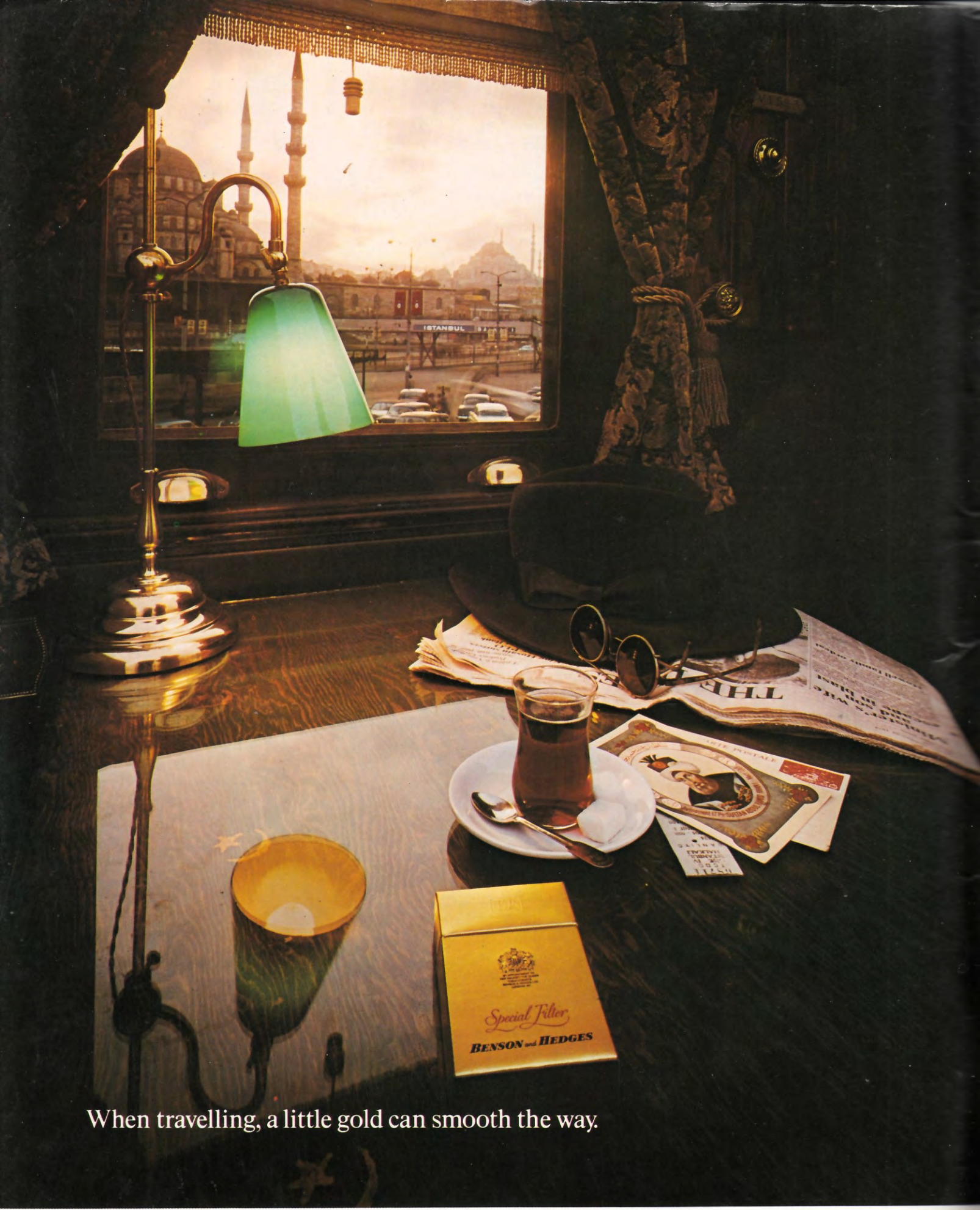
PENTHOUSE
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGA
Vol.10 No.1 50p
INSIDE YOUR 124 PAGE BIRTHDAY ISSUE
JOHN CONTEH: BRITAIN'S GREATEST ATHLETE?
EUROPE'S LUSTIEST CITY
SEXY SCARY HORROR MOVIES
OUTRAGEOUS EROTIC ART
FAMOUS PENTHOUSE PETS
CASSETTE STEREO GUIDE
FREE PENTHOUSE CLUB TICKET INSIDE



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PENTHOUSE

The International Magazine for Men/1975 Vol 10 No 1

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Illustration by Leslie Chapman

The odd couple. Two obviously-female dealers, collectively known as Madame Charles, specialise in "antique curiosities and erotic paraphernalia" out of their dimly-lit lair in London's W.10 district. If you're keen on full-size rubber turkeys, death masks, severed limbs or even have a penchant for pink corset dummies (complete with relevant attire) then these connoisseurs of kink could show you a thing or two.

Popping out from behind the debris of years gone by, both Madame (Gwen Earl: "I'm the more feminine one,") and Charles (Michelle Martinoli: "more capable and practical") believe they're backing a winner in catering to what they have found to be an increasing demand. "Though we try to keep out the rampant sex maniacs!" laughed Madame. Apparently more by mental than physical persuasion. If, unfortunately, you do happen to look like a D.O.M. then Charles's small son, constantly tearing through the shop, will not hesitate to tell you of his own free will to get out because he doesn't like you one bit. (NB: He did ignore us . . . hmm!)

Dealing in erotica (that's anything that excites, says Madame) and other delights over the past few years this enterprising, avant-garde duo started off working a stall in nearby Portobello Road—also a good hunting ground for Madame to give vent to her passion for the erotic underpinnings she loves to wear, leaving Charles to gurgle in her Swiss-French accent that she prefers to simply appreciate such sights. "Mich' really appreciates the female form," sallied her partner.

Madame's form can currently be viewed in a diary aimed at sex maniacs and with typical jest she'll rush to reveal all—in the book. "It's nice," she giggled, "I can show customers what I really look like."

Photographs by Michelle Martinoli

These high spirited creatures have gathered a selection of books, papers, pictures and curios covering the last 50 years, including an odd haul of props from Shepperton film studios. Thus the collection was once briefly mottled with gangrenous severed limbs and leprosy-laden bods until their dejected owners were eventually forced to discard them: most browsers couldn't stomach such putrid objects. (Then the rubbish collectors refused to touch them, but that's another story.)

Foot fetishists could have a ball in this place which also stocks original silk stockings to decorate the model feet. Here are glimpses of a lost world: advertisements, post cards, sheet music, bric-a-brac, porno mags from Amsterdam circa 1900 . . .

"Now that is a marvellous place!" Charles husked. "We are going there again shortly." The couple are always taking off for foreign fields—and often in pursuit of a tan. "You'll end up green at the gills if you stay in London," gasped Madame.

But fear not, all is not depravity, despite Madame's references to her best, black leather catsuit and Charles's private collection of swords, sticks and canes ("Long before Bianca Jagger ever got on to them—bah!"). There's a plastic cauliflower (well, what can you *really* do with a cauliflower?) with an equally plastic greengrocer's price ticket to poke

They were right about St. Tropez.

The French have had their moments, and on the subject of pleasure, they've had more moments than most. Which includes the pleasure of drinking.

So when they say there's only one way to drink scotch, it could be seen as rash to ignore them.

Scotch and Perrier.

They say its natural spring water adds a sparkling edge, a result that's utterly unique and utterly refreshing.

And in case you think it's a continental gimmick that could never catch on, remember one thing.

St. Tropez used to be known for its fishing.

NATURALLY SPARKLING · SOURCE perrier DECLAREE D'INTERET PUBLIC · SPRING WATER

With added je ne sais quoi.

in it—or anything else you like—emblazoned: "SPLENDID. 1d per lb." One can't get anything for an old penny these days but we'd have tossed you one for your thoughts as your eyes fell on the pair of massive, ripe shiny black tits sitting on the shelf below.

The Odd Couple, 50 Golborne Rd., London W10, 969-4970.

Illustration by Richard Rockwood

Clap, clap, who's got the clap? Shhh! We don't use words like that here at Westminster Hospital in Swinging London. We don't even call this a VD clinic down here in the sub-cellar. It's "Outpatients Sex and Clinical Measurement." We know all you boys and girls caught it from each other, you naughty kittens, so we're going to put you in separate waiting rooms with separate exits. We'd put you in separate cells if we could. Now swallow four of these twice a day, and no sex please. And just because you've been such nasty little blots, you may not take alcohol for a fortnight. Now suffer. It will do you good.

Photograph by Ken Rogers

Most distracting distraction of the month. With sights like this outside the window how do you expect us to get Penthouse out on time? While her engine had packed in, ours revved up. (Never knew we had so many expert car mechanics on the staff—all offering to put the rod in her piston, they were—or was it the shaft in her crank?) What a mind-boggling morning!

Tailor-made. Douglas Hayward, slimmer than usual, elegant in a grey worsted suit, is sitting at his table near the entrance to the Burke's club dining room. He is there more or less every day from one to three and from where he sits he can survey the patrons eating lunch, keep an eye on the service and greet all those who enter. At one table sits Michael Caine, at another Tom Courtney, at a third the Earl of Snowdon, at a fourth . . . The list is glitteringly endless and they're all his friends.

Doug leaves his table for a moment and his lunch companion, a businessman, looks around and says: "This is the only club in London for show business people. Burke's isn't a flashy trendy place. The atmosphere is quiet and the food is really good. The reason it's a success is because of Doug. He's here every day and it's run like one of those little Italian restaurants where the whole family is involved, and they know all their customers."

Burke's opened its doors early in 1970 after Doug and the Earl of Litchfield discovered that they both had similar ideas for a club. It was to be a meeting place which served good English food from breakfast to three course dinners, and membership would be limited.

"We went through a long list of pretentious names before we arrived at Burke's," Doug says. "Patrick (Litchfield) knows everyone in Burke's peerage, and I know the other kind."

All of which isn't a bad achievement for a working class lad from Hayes, Middlesex, who is really a tailor. Quite naturally he has to be a rather special one. His shop on Mount Street—more a salon where friends meet—has that subtle perfume of wealth and, like Burke's, also has a quiet sense of taste. Having a suit cut by Doug is as good a badge of success as being a member of the club.

"I am in two businesses that can make a man humble," Doug says. He talks quickly with an almost classless accent, except for the occasional word which is a deliberate slip as if to remind the listener and himself of his origins. "My suits are expensive and people save up money to buy one. Now they've been wearing suits all their lives and they know what's right and wrong. If I don't make it well, I get a right bollocking from my customer, even though he is a friend. And in the restaurant business if you serve bad food or let standards slip people just won't come back."

Whether it's his businesses or

Photograph by Michael Kaye

whether it's his own innate common sense, Doug Hayward has managed to keep his balance in the ephemeral world of quick success, which has destroyed many of his contemporaries. He is a man who made his break in the early '60s, and *Time* magazine included him in the clique of swinging Londoners in that now famous cover story, the kiss of death to any pretentions the city might have had. He was, according to legend, discovered by Bryan Forbes, the film director. Doug had just left the Saville Row tailor where he'd trained and was set up in a small shop in Fulham. After Forbes came the deluge. Terry Stamp, Yul Brynner, James Stewart . . . everyone had to have a Hayward suit. "You have to remember that many of us like me, Michael Caine, David Bailey, who achieved success in the '60s had

Share Martini's Wonderful World

First Prize: A Piper Warrior

This exciting four-seater private plane will take you through the skies in comfort. You'll see Martini's Wonderful World in style in the Warrior, powered by a 150 hp Lycoming engine with a cruising speed of 133 mph and generous range. A course of flying lessons, with 35 hours' flying, is included in this magnificent first prize.

Second Prize: A Mamba Power Cruiser

This striking new 2-4 berth power cruiser offers the utmost in luxury and accommodation. The 33ft Mamba is powered by twin 130 bhp Volvo Penta engines, has a fully-fitted stateroom, toilet and shower, and a spacious saloon. The Mamba will seat up to ten people.

Third Prize: A Lamborghini Urraco

A car for the connoisseur, for someone who enjoys the thrill of speed and the ultimate in style. A V8 2½-litre 220 bhp engine and a 2+2 Bertone-designed body, ultra-dynamic and finished in Rosso red and matt black. The Lamborghini Urraco. What a car!

Fourth Prizes: Five 16-day Cunard Caribbean Cruise-Stay Holidays for two

Our prizewinners will first fly direct to St Lucia for a wonderful week at Cunard's new Hotel La Toc. Then a week's cruise aboard Cunard's luxury liner, The Adventurer, calling at St Thomas, San Juan, Caracas, Grenada and Barbados.

100 Martini 'Film Director's' chairs

100 runners-up will be able to enjoy their Martini in the comfort of a Martini 'Film Director's' chair. Made of wood and canvas, they're fun and versatile too.

To share in Martini's Wonderful World, simply follow the directions below. Before you start, why not relax with your favourite Martini... Bianco Martini, Martini Extra Dry or Martini Rosso. They'll give you an idea, a taste of Martini's Wonderful World!

Here's how to enter the competition

1 Look at the six Wonderful World story clues. The answer to each of these clues is the name of a country. Read each clue carefully and then, from the ten countries listed, choose the one which you think is correct. For example, if you think that the Mamba Power Cruiser in Clue 1 is moored in Sweden, write the letter 'H' in the entry grid alongside Clue 1, and so on until you have solved all six clues. For each entry line completed, send a Martini bottle top with your entry. If you complete three lines and send three Martini bottle tops, your fourth entry line is free.

2 Now, in not more than 12 words tell us, in the most apt and original way, why you believe Martini is 'The Right One'.

3 Write your name and address and where you bought your Martini, and post your entry form together with Martini bottle top(s) to the address shown on the coupon.

Find a place in Martini's Wonderful World

CLUE 1 Your luxurious Mamba Power Cruiser moves gently in the swell from passing ferries. The sunset silhouettes one of the largest single-span bridges in the world. At the water's edge, Jørn Utzon's magnificent building glistens in the sunset. You sit back and enjoy a long, cool Bianco Martini topped with soda. Where in Martini's Wonderful World are you?

CLUE 2 The run down from Blümlisalp was tricky, but the fine powder snow made for a great day's skiing. Now, it's time to pause and plan your après-ski fun in Kandersteg. The best plans are made with a Martini close at hand and so you take a tumbler, a few ice cubes, some Martini Rosso and a dash of soda. Exhilarating! But where in Martini's Wonderful World?

CLUE 3 Your sleek Lamborghini Urraco purrs up the deserted road. Ahead is the castle. Behind you the village of Perelada. On the castle terrace your favourite drink is waiting. Martini Rosso on the rocks. Plain and simple, but delightfully welcome after your long trip from Jaca. You're in Martini's Wonderful World, but where?

CLUE 4 Mangoes are ripening on the trees. A brilliant doctor bird hovers near the jasmine flowers. You relax in the shade with a delicious Bianco Martini poured into a long frosted glass. The breeze ruffles the palms on nearby Navy Island, while in port a banana boat is taking on cargo. What part of Martini's Wonderful World are you in?

CLUE 5 You throttle your Piper Warrior back and make a perfect landing on the dry sand. You're near where Sir George Somers' boat was wrecked in 1609. You step on to the pale sand and head for the beachside bar where your Martini Extra Dry is waiting. You're in Martini's Wonderful World. Where?

CLUE 6 The sun is high in the sky. The Tyrrhenian Sea is pure azure. The smoke from the volcano drifts up above you. To keep cool here in Patti, you need the one drink that will really refresh you. Martini Extra Dry with lemon, soda and chunks of ice. Where in Martini's Wonderful World are you?

Possible answers:

A Italy	D Spain	H Sweden
B Switzerland	E Bermuda	J Austria
C Australia	F Jamaica	K Grenada
	G Sicily	

Competition Rules

1 Winners will be notified by post and their names published in Competitors' Journal, 9 August 1975. No person may win more than one prize and no cash alternatives will be given. The Caribbean holiday prizes are available during the period August-November 1975.

2 Each entry line, with the exception of the fourth free one, must be accompanied by a Martini bottle top. Closing date is 7 June 1975.

3 The prizes will be awarded to the competitors who have correctly matched the countries to the clues and who in the opinion of the judges, have composed the most apt and original reason why they believe Martini is 'The Right One'.
The judges' decision is final and no correspondence can be entered into. All entries become the property of Martini & Rossi Limited.

4 No responsibility can be taken for entries lost, delayed or damaged in the post, and proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery.

5 Employees of Martini & Rossi, their advertising and servicing agencies, members of the judging panel, all families of such excluded persons and also all residents outside the UK and Channel Islands shall not be eligible to enter.

6 All entrants must be over the age of 18. By entering the competition, all entrants shall be deemed to have accepted and agreed to abide by the rules.

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Competition Entry

Post to: Martini's Wonderful World, PO Box 102A, Surbiton, Surrey. P.1

Your name (block letters) _____

Address _____

Town _____ County _____ Post code _____

Clue	1st Try	2nd Try	3rd Try	4th Try FREE
1				
2				
3				
4				
5				
6				

Martini is 'The Right One' because _____

_____ (not more than 12 words)

For safety through the post, please flatten bottle tops and wrap in paper or cardboard. Closing date for the competition: 7 June 1975.

I bought my Martini at: _____

Name (block letters) _____

Address _____

Town _____ County _____ Post code _____

I enclose.....Martini bottle top(s)

*Sun Umbrella Offer

Post to: Martini Sun Umbrella Offer, PO Box 102A, Surbiton, Surrey.

Please send me .....Martini Sun Umbrella(s). I enclose cheque/PO made payable to Martini Sun Umbrella Offer for £.....(£8.95 each). Please allow up to 28 days for delivery.
Offer closes 31 July 1975. Open to UK and Channel Islands residents only.

Name (block letters) _____

Address _____

Town _____

County _____ Post code _____ P.1

The right one
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a long apprenticeship," Doug says. "I mean everyone has to spend a part of life in some form of apprenticeship or other. Before our break, we had a whole term of references—I'd been in the Navy, Michael had done his National Service—which gave us stability in a real way. The '60s were unreal. All you needed was 50% drive, 40% personality and 10% talent. And of course being there at the right time." He winces at the memory of all those people who rose with him and now lie discarded and burnt out by the wayside. "A lot of my friends really don't know what hit them. They were big and popular and trendy in the '60s—then bang. People lost interest in them and moved on. I don't think there can be anything more terrible than being a pop star. Huge success at 20 and it's all over by 26."

For Doug Hayward nothing is ever over, and Burke's is only a milestone in his life. He has diversified, not his trade, but his interests. He introduced the Jamaica Patty (pastry filled with spicy meat) to London and now sells 27,000 a week; he invested in Cheevers, the hairdressers; and is at the moment involved in establishing a golf club in London and a theatre club in the East End.

"I'm a tailor and I always will be a tailor," Doug says. "That's where my strength is. In some businesses you're branded by knowing too much and tailoring is one of them. I don't want to expand my shop in any way because you can't delegate cutting a suit. I never will. I'm in my shop every day and I enjoy my work."

But an eight hour job isn't enough. Doug spins ideas like a roulette wheel gone mad. There's a short story he's written and turned into a script, there's a musical he's negotiating to produce, there's a tour to Jamaica he's setting up. He's a man who never stops running, not so much away from things but to find out what's around the next corner.

"It's just trying to explore what I am capable of doing," Doug says. "I want to stretch my abilities and it's not so much to make money as to see ideas work. Money is a criteria but as I get involved with an idea and watch it evolve into something concrete, money becomes secondary. A few years ago, I bought a couple of houses and sold them at a profit. I was pleased with myself, naturally, but then I thought that's no way to make money. It's not creative and it's living off society. I was ashamed of myself and swore I'd never do it again."

Surprisingly, in spite of his success and the elitist circles he moves in, Doug Hayward still holds hard to his original political philosophy: socialism. He even went so far as to join the local Labour party in his constituency of Soho and Mayfair. He went to a couple of meetings in a local pub where the hardened political campaigners met.

"It was unbelievable," Doug says. "You had the new left on one side and the old socialists—you know, Jarrow marchers—on the other. And all they did was play ego games. I had ideas how we could win the local council election—that would have been fantastic as the Labour party has never won this area. But they just weren't interested. They didn't even want to discuss them. I told them they could also use my shop window for their posters, but no one came. The local Conservative man did however, and he wanted me to join. I said 'no way'. He had a couple of good ideas which I said I'd back, but I'd never join the party. No doubt I'll have another shot at the Labour party."

Doug Hayward never gives up on an idea, he just shelves it, for he knows every idea and man has a time and a place. And one day there could be a Douglas Hayward, M.P.

Ad-vice on your overdraft. Spotted in the columns of a Plymouth evening paper: "Two undressed action men, good condition, £1 each." Alternatively, a Liverpool daily suggested: "Your bank manager's advice can be invaluable in helping you to decide on your incestments . . ."

Illustration by Peter Woodcock

Prunella Gee is a first-nighter. And I don't mean she takes a lot of plays. I mean, if you hit it off with Pru, you really hit it off. "The men I respond to, we never have this big getting-to-know-you session. Something inside me says I can skip all that."

She goes straight to the point. She's bold and full of optimism. She never anticipates consequences. So sometimes she falls flat on her face. "I'm quite prone to unhappiness with men," she says cheerfully. She often finds herself in the hapless position of falling for a man who proceeds to walk right over her. As a result "I'm in the middle of all sorts of problems."

However droopy her lovelife may be, professionally Pru's turning up roses. First she posed nude for TV's Shabby Tiger series. Then Michael Caine and Richard Harris saw her and independently sang her praises to a film producer. The producer just happened to have this juicy part waiting for the right girl. Pru met the man and got on very well with him. "We hit it off right away." She did a screen test for him and got the lead opposite Caine in "The Wilby Conspiracy," a political adventure picture set in Africa and hence also starring Sidney Poitier. Pru plays a barrister who laments: "Why do I always get involved with hard men?"

On location last spring in sultry Nairobi, Pru met a man who showed her both heaven and hell. He dominates, she submits. She loves it and she hates it. He sees other women and she sees other men. She can't live in Kenya and he can't live in England. A few days after talking to Penthouse, she jetted off to Kenya to visit him again. Unlike many women with "terrible man problems," Pru at least knows what's wrong. "As an actress, I find it's impossible not to learn about yourself. You're so exposed, you can't pretend at all. I've found out that I am unfortunately quite a strong person. Stronger than most men. That makes it difficult for what I need in a man, which is dominance. Strong women don't really want to be strong.

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Canadian Club, the taste of the young country.

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You look at all my ex-boyfriends, and one thing that stands out from all of them is dominance. People say I like to be treated badly. That isn't really so, though I certainly do need to feel a tiny bit like the little girl who is going to get her bottom spanked if I do wrong."

Somehow, Pru's men all turn out to be rotters in the end. "I'm accident-prone with men. I probably choose the wrong ones. Actually I never know who chooses who. It's always this mutual thing when you start an affair. The two of you meet and immediately go like that—cloink!" Pru smacks her hands together with a ring-rattling . . . uh, cloink! She wears a ring for every hour of sleep she didn't have the night before: eight. She stayed up all night last night, as she often does, just to talk. Well, maybe not exactly. She's never bothered the day after she pulls an all-nighter, though she does wear her eyes a bit dark today. She wears her hair streaky blonde and her lips puckery red from sucking tomato juice through a very slim straw. She passes with distinction the Susannah York test of English beauty: the corrupted virgin.

Another film is in the wind and she's doing more work on the box, but for the moment she confesses she's broke. All her movie loot has gone for things she can't keep, like trips to Kenya. So she lives in a tiny room bursting with books. An edition of Shakespeare is open and obviously undergoing careful study. Several bottles of booze comprise an untidy clump on the floor by the telly. The adjacent bath is an absolute shambles. The tub is so filthy the ring has a ring. Aside from that slightly naughty Yorkish cast of eye and pouty turn of lip, Pru has a voice quivering with signals to strongbeaux who would try to bend her to their will. She says she has the gift of the gab, and she's right.

That's what turns her on too: a strong voice and good talk. "I find I don't go for good-looking men. Now I do respond to voices. They must sound pleasing and relaxed when they open their mouths. They must be the kind of men who understand me without explanations. The men I don't like are those who rely on looks, care about cars, big talk and being one of the lads. They tell stories about how dangerously they drive. Everybody else screams with laughter, but it turns me straight off. The sight of a real live naked man doesn't turn me on. If I have any voyeurism, it would be to watch

Premium and Long-Size:
As defined in H.M. Government Tables
published in September 1974.

LOW TO
EVERY PACKET CARRIES A

a well-done bit of love-making—that's the sort of turn on-I'd like. I like quite naughty things, but really, I'm most titillated by talking. In school we used to excite each other with tales of our exploits (mostly fictional), although we were strangely unaware at the time of being titillated by them. We were at the stage where, when I saw "The ABZ of Love" in a friend's parent's home, I thought it should be covered up. No wonder we're all screwed up now."

Since one of Pru's contemporaries (one class behind) at exclusive Benenden School was Princess Anne, we might pause here to shed a tear over the sexual mis-education of royalty at an all-girls public school. "We were probably all spotty greasy-haired dumpy little chits, but we all had to pretend we were femmes fatales. For us, it was hard to realise that men were people. We were let out for only four weeks at a time. When we got back, we all had to brag. Boys were just creatures to be chalked up. When finally we left school for good, we went berserk. I certainly did. We found out that life didn't have to be run by rule, and there wasn't always someone looming over us telling us to change our stockings. So we made up for the lost years. We stayed out all night, we drank a lot . . . and did everything that goes with it."

So that's how it's been. Poor Pru. But no . . . she's too cheerful about herself to seem in need of sympathy. She talks about her problems as if they were someone else's.

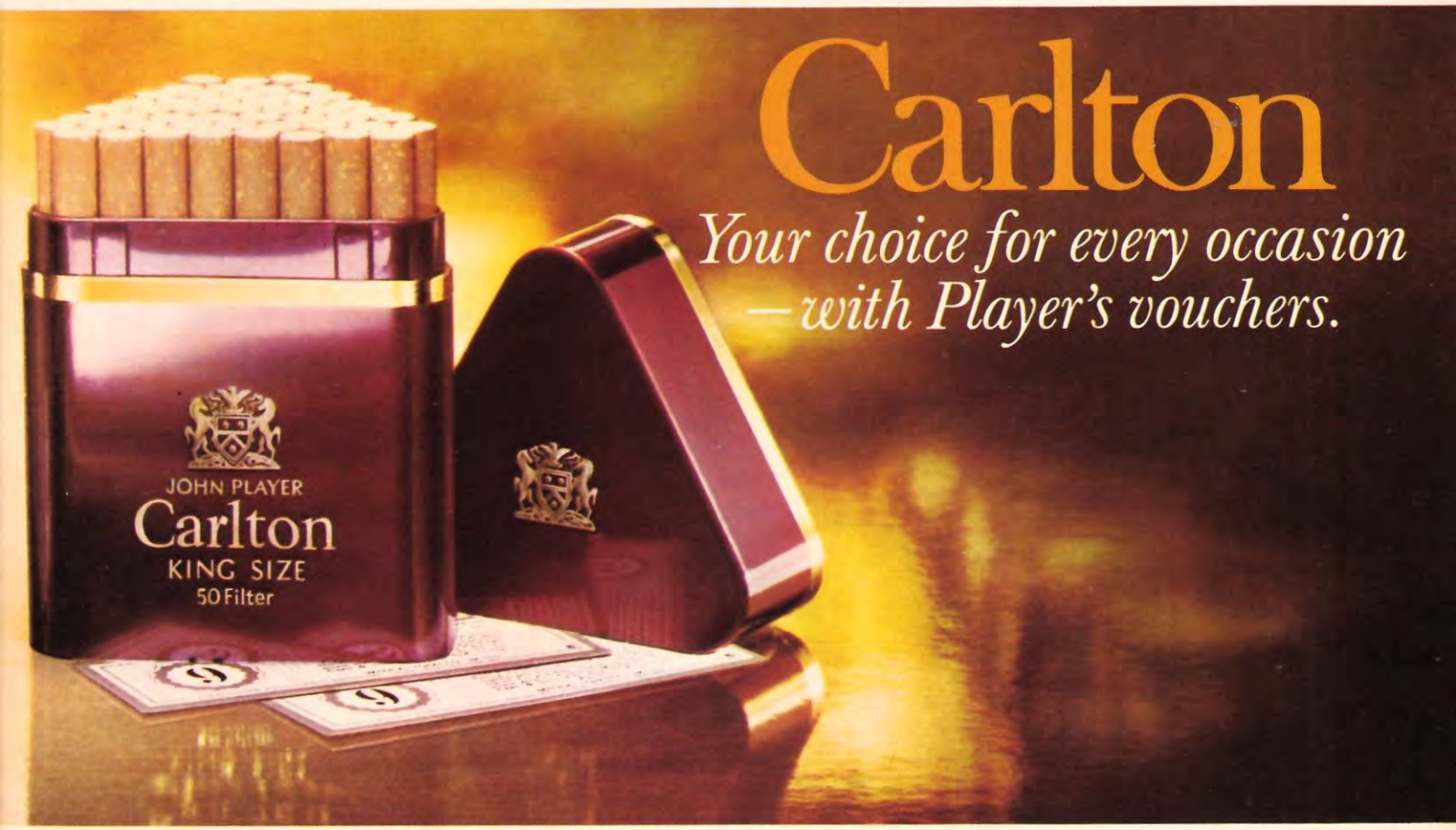
On one hand she can't abide a man who is beastly to her. On the other she wants her man to be stronger than she is. But it's hard to find a strong man who isn't also beastly sometimes.

When she isn't tempting men to play hard games with her, she's overpowering them. "Sometimes I impose an image on a man. In the end I find I'd made a mistake. I'd see that I'd got my own way all the time without realising it. In every relationship there's a natural balance of power. Someone dominates. True, one night you do his thing and the next night you do her thing—a strong man can give in sometimes. But as soon as I begin dominating a man all the time, it's finished with him. Affaires de coeur are always easy to begin with, they seem so fine at first, but all of them have gone horribly so far. If any one of them had been successful—just one—I'd be married now."

Illustration by Elly Robinson

"His knuckles came down with a crash on Van Tromp's nose and there was a spurt of red from that member . . . On the table lay a birch . . . Van Tromp's . . . His eyes gloated . . . Perhaps he liked flogging a schoolboy . . . The whole school had had the pleasure of seeing the birch exercised that morning . . . Whack, whack, whack! . . . The Bounder laid on the cane hard and fast, and Van Tromp yelled and howled and shrieked. Outside the locked door, the new Head raged and foamed. Every yell of his nephew reached his ears and goaded him to fury . . . Whack, whack, whack! . . . 'Yow-ow-ow! Help! Mercy!' shrieked Van Tromp . . . He gripped his cane, glared down and lashed out savagely . . . The birch swished. Save for the swishing of the birch, there was now utter silence. As if he desired to draw some cry of pain from his victim, Mr Brander laid on the birch harder and harder . . ."

Can this be an undiscovered



MIDDLE TAR King-Size: The tar yield of this brand is being decreased to Low to Middle Tar. Manufacturer's estimate, October 1974, of group as defined in H.M. Government Tables.
GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING

manuscript of the M. de Sade; or an imported yellow paperback from Germany; or an offering from London's very own Luxor Press; or the Confessions of Hieronymous Whiplash . . . ?

Wrong again. It all came from the "Tyrant of Greyfriars—Another ripping story of the chums of the Remove", featuring William George ('Billy") Bunter. It contains a cast of whips, kicks, canes, birches and enough cricket stumps (grievous bodily harm?) to satisfy all the public school "sadism" Lord Longford's generation used to consume so avidly and you, too, can join in. The Greyfriars Press has reissued all the old Bunter Books in their original form—price for the "Tyrant", £2.75.

Men's Pens. Wish yours was longer? Thicker? Had a more sensitive tip? If shooting your load through a golden gun appeals then read right on. Imagine the barrel sheathed in gold ending in a non-hooded nib which has been treated with a hand-applied substance for super-sliding power . . . you, too, can be the man with the golden pen if you ask for the Waterman Gentleman.

The pen appears as part of the gun flourished by ace-assassin Scaramanga, played by Christopher Lee in the latest Bond film, *The Man With The Golden Gun.* The rest of the deadly weapon consists of a cigarette case and lighter (the butt) and cuff-links (the trigger) This pen, duly noted for its "masculine and durable appearance", won the film part in fierce competition against a selection of world class pens and has quite a pedigree. Alain Carré, consultant designer to Paris couturier Pierre Cardin and the Italian car firm, Fiat, designed the pen for Waterman.

"Well hurry up . . . if I come round this way, is it better?" We watched her pivot on his rough, muscular body.

They called him Super Steed, a Japanese miracle of electronics who increases his pace to 40 mph at the touch of a button—the world's first life-size mechanical horse.

We called him Dobbin. He had deep dark expressive eyes (especially when mounted), his ears pricked up to attention and he wore a heavy English tan leather saddle. Destined for recreation centres, amusement arcades and riding schools, perhaps someone in despair will buy him for Mr and Mrs Mark Phillips' next wedding anniversary—the gift you both can enjoy.

On Dobbin there are no low branches to shun or bitter cold winds to take away the fun, and the smell was distinctly Chanel No. 5, wafting from the model girls showing us all how easy it was to ride him.

"It certainly puts a pocket vibrator in the shade," grinned one sexy lady, who looked like she'd never need one, as she dismounted begrudgingly after her ride (40p for three minutes).

"It's like a kick in the balls!" protested a sporting gentleman.

"I've got a sore bum," murmured another.

Definitely a girl's game, we decided. As one jolly hockey sticks type declared, pressing down on her button for more thrills: "It all depends how scared you are. It doesn't trot but golly, it does everything else!"

"Oh really, Clara," drawled her friend, "it's not as good as a real horse—though it has good training potential, I suppose."

"It develops one's . . . em . . . 'muscles' . . . you know?" smiled a bubbly blonde sexpot. Super Steed was meanwhile giving vent to the passions of a voluptuous brunette. Locked in the vice-like grip of her silken clad legs (and she wore stockings, we know, because we saw her pale blue suspenders) he pounded away giving her the ride of her life as she clung pinned to his neck, straddled across his thick hairy body giving herself up to the rhythm.

A joker crept up and pressed the STOP button. She jerked up, glassy-eyed. "Something's gone wrong," she wailed breathlessly.

Whatever faults you can find (it costs a mere £4,000 for a start) at least it's waterproof and you can leave it outside, which is more than you can do with most studs.

CAPTION CONTEST

Who are these people, what are they doing at the Penthouse Club and what are they thinking? A free year's subscription to Penthouse for the best answer.

Photograph by Michael Kaye

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and subtly enriches each moment of pleasure. Choose it always or just when the occasion demands. Available, too, ready rubbed for the pipe.

WF 2B

The flag's down, we're off! Roaring through 1975 in Alfa Romeos, on BMWs—join the Penthouse jets (and Penthouse Pets) on the racing circuits of Great Britain and the great continental tracks. Black slashed with red and gold—look out for Penthouse performance. And it's going to be worth watching. Famous rally driver, Roger Clark, and his brother Stan have prepared two Alfa Romeo GTVs and they're out to corner success in the Group One Saloon Car races. For more squeals on wheels, Gus Kuhn's the guy responsible for our two BMW Superbikes which will be tearing up the dirt in long distance endurance races throughout the UK and Europe. Globe-trotters in Barcelona in June, Belgium in August and at Le Mans in September, bear eye-witness to the team's skills! The outright winner of our special Penthouse Ford Escort Championship wins an all expenses paid intercontinental trip for two; all competitors receive a free year's subscription to Penthouse worth £6 plus a free £10 membership to Penthouse Club.

The greatest female performance in the series will win herself a £100 wardrobe of clothes from Mates by Irvine Sellars. There's a candlelight and champagne dinner for two for the winners of each of the 16 races—courtesy of the Penthouse Club, worth £30; and a £15 prize—the Dunlop Novice Award—awaits the best newcomer every time. Score the greatest number of points in a specified series of four races and it's an all expenses paid trip for two to Paris or Amsterdam—your choice.

Spectator or competitor, you can't lose. It's thrills galore up and down the country, the acceleration's on and we want you to be there, checking out performance and sporting team colours. Lightweight anoraks, go-faster jackets, hats and T-shirts have been designed in the dynamic Penthouse black, gold and red; all available from the Penthouse mobile shop at the tracks, from our Club and soon to be available through the magazine. The lethal colour scheme also covers our American 'Superior' 25-foot mobile home, featuring as the hospitality press suite at all meetings.

Already we start the season proudly with a team trophy, an award for operating the smartest equipe all last year, presented by Motor Developments Ltd., of Brands Hatch.

So hot rod or cruiser, whatever your speed, zip the distance with us. We must go on meeting like this – the Penthouse racing team is on the road!

Edited by Allan H. Mankoff and Eileen Dodds + Bart Mills + Tim Murari + Philip Hodson. **Designed by Michael Keates.** + +

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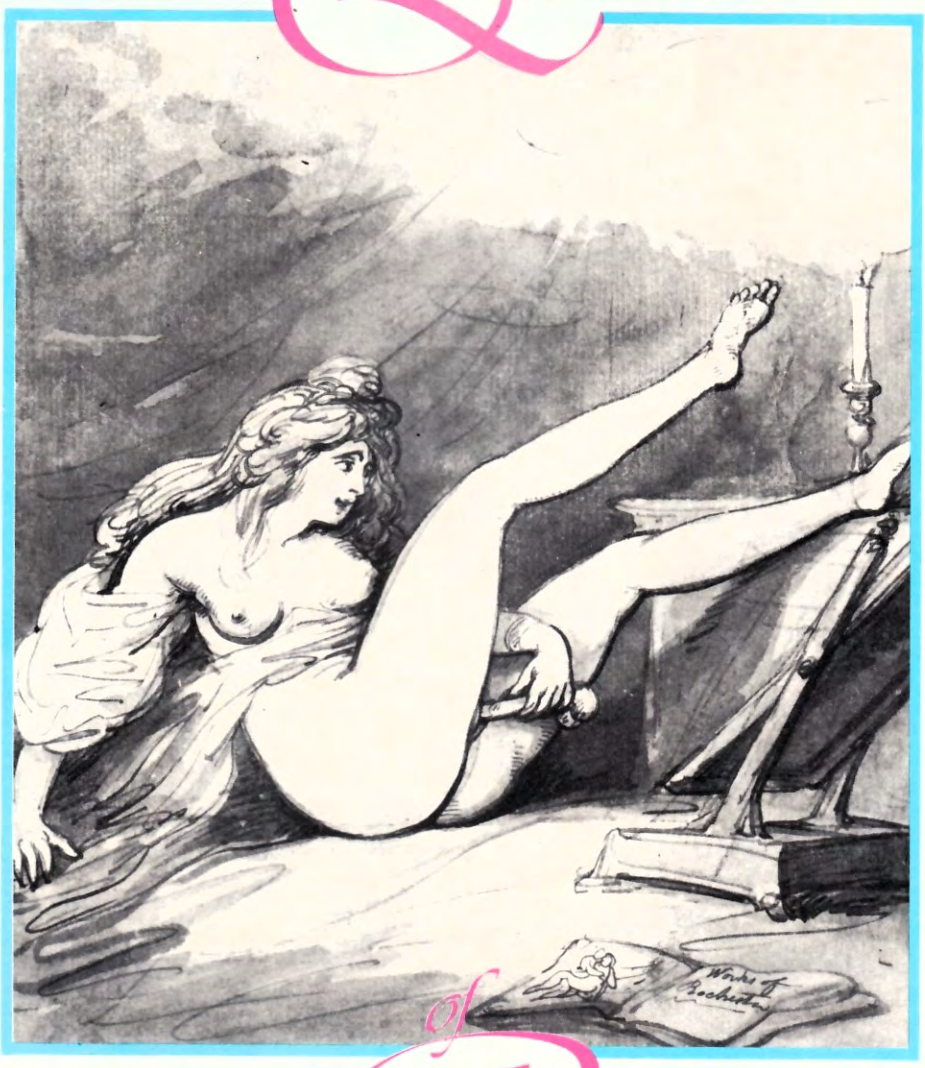
The Erotic Art of Thomas Rowlandson



This uninhibited quartet are enjoying themselves in the open air. We are apt to think that group sex is a present day phenomenon. This picture shows that it is nothing new.

Thomas Rowlandson (1756-1827) is buried in St. Paul's Cathedral. So, to all intents and purposes, are his erotic works of art. The most curious thing about these drawings is the fact that the "highly respected" middle-man in the middle-gallery, as it were, which arranged for Penthouse to acquire reproduction rights from yet another gallery (one of the world's greatest repositories of fine arts) insisted that, as a condition precedent to using the material, no reference be made to their "good names". Moreover, none of the great British museums that have exhibited Rowlandson's more widely known works has, to our knowledge, ever held public *exhibitions of these splendid examples of 18th-century erotica.*

As **Nicholas Hill** *observes in his critical comments, these drawings are indeed interesting for what they have to say about Rowlandson as an artist and 18th-century life. But not only do they tell us something about the morality of that century, they also give us an insight into the hypocrisy and censorship of our own times.*

Thomas Rowlandson was the most gifted, prolific and celebrated English cartoonist of his day. His works were eagerly sought and collected, even in his own lifetime. Today they are owned by all the great national collections, including the British Museum and the Tate Gallery. These are interesting for what they have to say about Rowlandson as an artist and life in the 18th century. The reproduction of Rowlandson's erotic work on these pages provides an opportunity for a wider public to view this curious corner of English art.

Rowlandson had a full and, for the most part, contented life. He was left a small fortune by a wealthy aunt which enabled him to pursue a serious career without the financial difficulties that hinder so many artists. However, gambling debts often left him short of cash and thus he turned to bawdy popular caricatures of English life. By the time he died in 1827 he had recorded one of the most permissive and boisterous periods of English history.

London in the 18th century was an extraordinary mixture of beauty, squalor and sin. The exquisitely dressed dandy carefully stepping through the mud and filth of the crowded streets would rub shoulders with all types including a host of scantily dressed prostitutes who fresh from the country, had come to London to escape from the poverty of agricultural life. The chief pleasures enjoyed by all classes of society were wenching, drinking, gambling and the theatre.

These activities centred on Vauxhall Gardens. Today where the traffic now roars and trains trundle overhead there was once a delightful garden devoted to pleasure. The rich aristocrats, their features hidden by velvet masks, would cross the Thames by boat and visit the gardens to find illicit enjoyment with the buxom whores who mingled with the crowds. They would also watch cock fighting, bear baiting and small theatrical entertainments. It is here that Rowlandson might well have found inspiration for these drawings. These rare erotic works are among the few that are known by Rowlandson; drawings like these were collected by

CONTINUED ON PAGE 22

The worst suspicions of the husband have been confirmed. Having concealed himself beneath the table he catches his wife with her young lover. They are both so eager for enjoyment that neither has bothered to remove their hats.

In the absence of his wife the impotent but randy old husband has persuaded the reluctant chambermaid to let him view the intimacies of her anatomy.

The three ladies have retired to the bedroom to relieve themselves after dinner. Obviously none have been wearing knickers. The sight of each other's nakedness and the intimacy of the situation has aroused in the three girls considerable excitement for each other. The privacy of present day lavatories allows no scope for such pleasures.

The helping hand for some reason, perhaps lucrative. The luscious young girl has allowed herself to be fondled by the disgusting old man. With her left hand she is trying, although so far unsuccessfully, to encourage the situation.

The Larking Cull
While on the bed the nymphs reclined
Damons resolved to please his mind
His generation tube he shows
Between her swelling breasts it goes
His fingers to her touch hole sent
Alas to give her small content
A larger thing would give more pleasure
She always loves to have full measure
And who for greater joys do hunt
Than rising bubbies and a C—t

The Larking Cule

While on the bed the nymphs reclined
Damons resolved to please his mind
His generation tube he shows
Between her swelling breasts it goes
His fingers to her touch hole sent
Alas to give her small content
A larger thing would give more pleasure
She always loves to have full measure
And who for greater joys do hunt
Than rising bubbies and a cunt.

The crook and the horn indicate that the two lusty young men in this jolly rustic scene are a huntsman and a shepherd. Like all Rowlandson's women the girls have large white rounded buttocks. One feels that Rowlandson would have cared little for the "emaciated" models of today. The huntsman's dog is obviously enjoying the situation as much as the participants. Or, perhaps, he is simply longing for his lunch.

connoisseurs and carefully placed in portfolios away from sight, to be enjoyed only on special occasions. It is amusing to imagine the lecherous collector sitting by his log fire.

He and his cronies have eaten an immense meal typical of those days. Carp, venison, game and mutton were all washed down with quantities of port. Too drunk to move, they urinate into the silver pot kept in the sideboard, and then as a special treat the host produces with loving care his portfolio of erotica. As well as works by Rowlandson, these might have included prints by William Hogarth, James Gillray and Henry Fuseli.

Fashions and societies change, but mankind changes very little. Each succeeding civilisation from the dawn of history has produced in its time erotic art. The content has been much the same. What "turned on" an ancient Greek would have equal appeal to his counterpart today. All that changes is the extent to which society publicly acknowledges that such works exist. The Victorians produced a mass of erotic works yet a statue of a naked male had to have a fig leaf covering the genitals. Today we can see *Last Tango in Paris*, but it is unlikely that the British Museum would hold a public exhibition of erotic art. It's an odd world. That is what fascinated Rowlandson.

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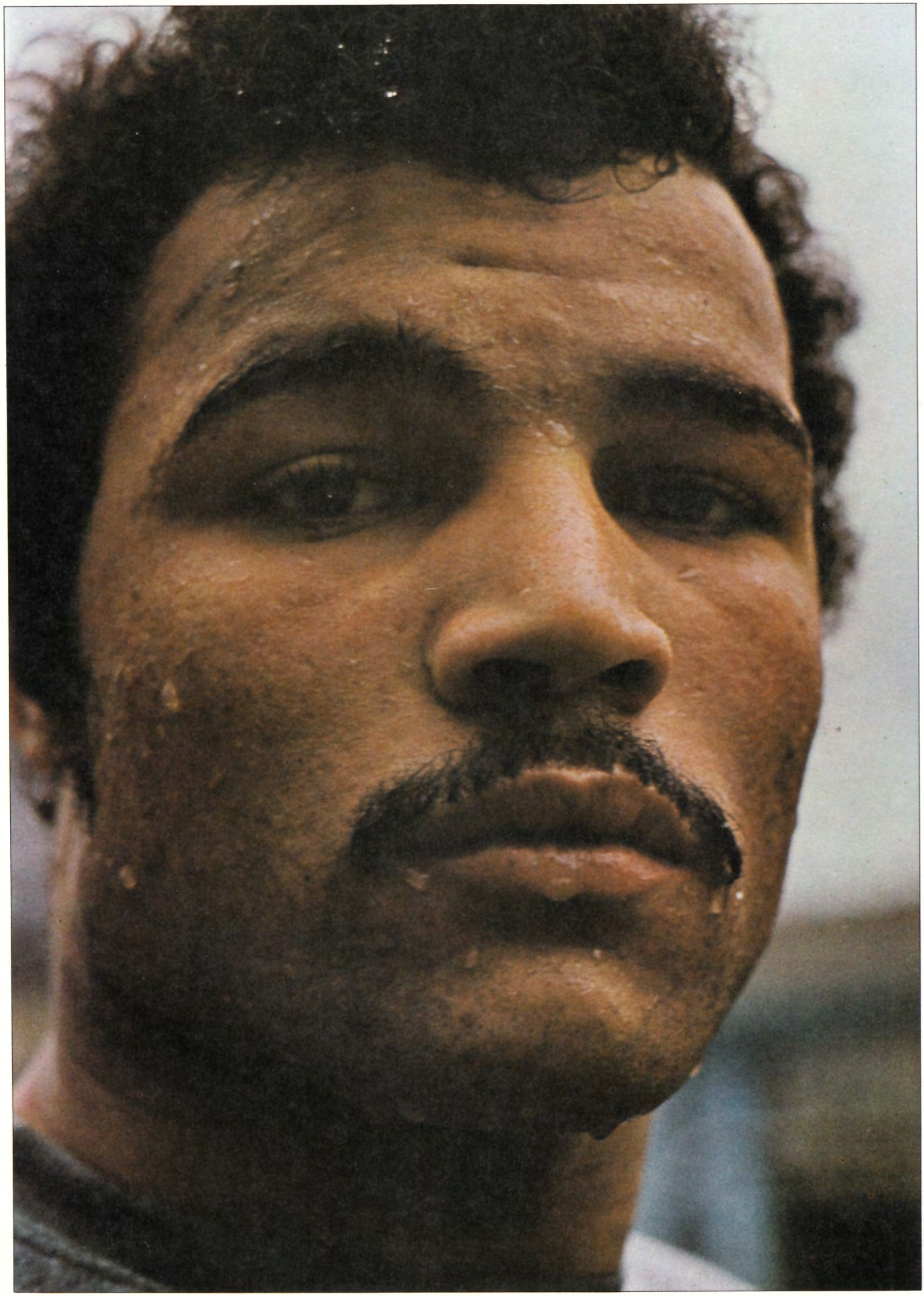


Photographs by Peter Kibbles

JOHN CONTEH: Britain's Greatest Athlete?

Is John Conteh Britain's greatest athlete? Well, he did simply demolish the likes of Mike Channon, David Hemery, Colin Bell, Tony Greig, John H. Stracey and Chay Blyth in the most recent Wilkinson Sporting Superstars in everything from weightlifting, gymnastics and cricket to the 100 metres, soccer, cycling and the steeplechase (contestants could not compete in their own speciality).

* * *

Much has been written about Conteh, most of it by sportswriters. To get inside the man, to probe his many facets Penthouse chose **Nik Cohn,** author of four novels, a history of rock music and the celebrated *Rock Dreams.* (By sheer coincidence, when Conteh first met Cohn he said he'd never seen a book on rock that he liked . . . except *Rock Dreams.*)

Nik Cohn grew up in Ireland, came to England when he was fifteen and has loved the fights since childhood. His "first symbol and love, never since surpassed, was Sugar Ray Robinson. Fights fascinate me," says Cohn, "because they are social rituals enacted in absolute bedrock terms, with absolute bedrock issues at stake—courage, will, imagination, pride. Self-worship and self-loathing. Pure survival. To take part in such a sacrament, if you can create it as well as Conteh does, may be magnificent. To sit by and watch is, to my mind, despicable. But then, I am a writer, and the despicable is therefore in my contract."

British fighters have always been losers They have usually been game, often skilful but compared to the best Americans, they have lacked hunger, ruthlessness, that final twist of rage and will that turns a good technician into a champion. In the crunch, they have been too much like gentlemen. For more than 50 years, ever since the days of Jimmy Wilde and Ted 'Kid' Lewis, the pattern has stayed the same. Every so often a new star arises, to kindle hopes and sometimes to deliver one great fight, as with Tommy Farr or Randolph Turpin. But they never carry through. One by one, at the moment of absolute truth, they crumple.

Or rather, they used to crumple. For over the last few years there has been a significant change. Generally speaking, boxing in Britain is an ailing business and there are fewer professionals active than at any time in this century. But the fighters who survive are the most successful that we've ever had. At every class, from heavyweight to lightweight, we can boast a leading world contender—boxers who not only win at home but, unlike their predecessors, have learned to win abroad.

First, Ken Buchanan won the world lightweight title in Panama, defending it in New York and Los Angeles; then Kevin Finnegan and John H. Stracey annexed the European middle and welterweight crowns in Paris; and finally, most important of all, John Conteh became world light-heavyweight champion at the age of 23 in only his 27th fight, without once getting smashed.

Conteh defines the new breed; sums up exactly what has changed. He comes from Liverpool, the son of a West African father and an English mother. His family was large, close-knit but impoverished and inevitably, being coloured, he was forced to learn a lot about street-fighting. He hated school and left at 15 to work on a building site. By this time he had started boxing. He showed early promise and won a few local competitions, then at 17 he decided to make it his career.

So far his story reads like the biography of any other fighter but from here on the platitudes disappear. Conteh was no ordinary pug, no big-hearted, thick-skulled punchbag to be puppeteered by managers, agents and promoters. Right from the outset it was he himself who controlled his destiny. He had imagination, ambition, total dedication. Having set his sights on a world title—and wealth, and fame—he pursued his goal with a relentlessness, with an all-consuming fanaticism that no other fighter had shown since the young Cassius Clay.

His progress was swift and decisive, marred only by two brief setbacks. By the age of 20 he had already won the British amateur light-heavyweight title and been selected for the European games. There he injured his hand, went down with food poisoning and was promptly beaten in his first contest, too weak to throw a proper punch. Undeterred, he turned professional and began to campaign as a heavyweight. He scored a series of quick knock-outs but he was tackling men who outweighed him by 30-40 pounds and it was quickly obvious that he lacked the size, the sheer brute power to reach the very top. He lost one fight to an American, albeit on a hotly disputed decision, and soon afterwards dropped back to light-heavy. In his first bout, he knocked out a German to win the European title. Then he beat Chris Finnegan to become British and Commonwealth champion as well. Finally, he was matched with Jorge Ahumada, an Argentinian, for the vacant world crown.

Ahumada was by far the best man that he had met: experienced, wily, a dynamic puncher with unlimited reserves of stamina and heart. Conteh first outboxed him, then outpunched him, to win clearly on points. "I rule the world," he said. He did.

I have deliberately simplified. His odyssey has not really been as easy as I've made it sound and like any other champion, Conteh has suffered long and hard. For the last seven years he has risen at dawn to slog six miles round Hampstead Heath in navvy boots, come rain, fog or snow, and many times he's had to break the ice before he could swim in Highgate Pond. Day after day he has driven his body to the very limits of pain, until his belly became as tough as sheeted steel and no punch, as he says, could destroy him. He has bled, he has hurt. On bad nights he has been jeered and spat upon. Most galling of all, he has had to submit to trainers and businessmen, to live by other men's orders.

So it has been a bitter, grinding journey, but through it all he has managed to convey an extraordinary feeling of certainty, almost of inevitability. He has never lost sight of his target nor doubted for a moment that he would reach it. In his last couple of fights he has even entered the ring in a silver-

sequinned robe, embossed on the back with an outsize red boxing glove and the legend *L'Homme Du Destin*—Man of Destiny. That, in all seriousness, is how he sees himself—and it's a measure of his power, his personal impact, that the crowds do not laugh. Charisma, that's the fashionable term, and there is no question that Conteh overflows with it.

What makes him so special? The closest explanation I can make is to say that he seems unreachable. In his every move, good or bad, there's a sense of perfect self containment. In the midst of the most frenetic action he remains remote, impenetrable, somehow untouched. Other fighters, when they are hurt, grow ragged and wild. Conteh merely draws in deeper on himself, turns colder and deadlier than ever. No panic, no sign of human vulnerability—like Sonny Liston or José Napoles, he appears to be inviolable, even if he is stretched out flat on his back. That makes him an exceptional prizefighter; it also makes him an exceptional human being. The more I have watched him, the more I have been fascinated by his composure, his unbreachable self-confidence.

Having said all this, I must confess that our first meeting was a fiasco, a disaster from start to finish. I went to see him last summer before he'd won the title. When I arrived, Conteh was still in bed. For half an hour I sat in his living room and stared at the walls. It was obviously a rented apartment, drab, impersonal, in which the only private touches were the trophies—the gold Lonsdale Belt above the mantelpiece, sundry silver cups, a couple of citations. When at last the champion made his entry, he came in mean and scowling. He sank down on the sofa without a word, buried his head in his hands. Every time that he stirred his muscles rippled all over. "Good morning," I said. "Errgh," said Conteh. Then we lapsed into silence.

We drove across town to Crystal Palace where Conteh was training for a Sporting Superstars competition in which he would face half a dozen other top sportsmen in a sort of bowdlerised decathlon—swimming, cycling, hurdling, gymnastics, etc. "What are you best at?" I asked. "Everything," said Conteh. "Oh," I said. "Uggh," said Conteh. Afterwards, I found out that his bad temper was simply due to a near-pathological loathing for waking up in the mornings.

Conteh's manager was travelling in the car with us, a breezy type called George Francis. As managers will, he began to sing his protégé's praises and throughout the rest of the journey, while Conteh and myself got lost in our separate purgatories, he kept up a non-stop eulogy: Conteh was a good boy, a boy with a heart as big as a house who never shirked or cheated. He lived clean, always did as he was told. He loved children and children loved him. The first thing that he'd done, as soon as he'd come into money, was to buy a new house for his mother. Above all, whatever fortune life might bring him, he always kept faith with the Ref in the Sky. "Don't you, John?" Francis said. "Fucking right," replied the Champ.

When we arrived at Crystal Palace Conteh mooched off into the dressing rooms, still scowling. A minute later he emerged in swimming trunks, looking simply magnificent. His body came very close to perfection—sleek, gleaming, a flawless blend of muscularity and grace—and he obviously knew it and revelled in it. As he strutted by the pool, like a turkey cock, he puffed out his chest and was recognised by a small boy who called out his name. Instantly, the champion was transfigured. All his surliness disappeared, his face lit up, his shoulders went back. He raised his clenched fist in triumphant salute and flashed a smile so white, so dazzling, that the whole pool was illumined.

"Performance," declared George Francis. "The moment that he gets an audience he turns into a different man. It's as if he were only half-alive, and then suddenly finds his real self."

Diving in with an almighty splash, Conteh began to thrash the water like a frenzied porpoise. Then he hit a nearby cycle track and pedalled so fiercely that he almost buckled the wheels. He jumped in and out of showers, glistening; vaulted fences, signed autographs, grinned. Everywhere that he went, children, attendants and track-suited instructors clustered around him. Conteh basked in their worship. A sun king, they took turns to touch him.

"In the end, that's the only thing that matters, life and death. The chance to breathe. All the rest is a wank"

On the drive back to town he was still aglow. "That's what life's all about," he said. "To be looked up to. To be a man among men, someone that people respect and make way for." His good spirits did not survive his lunch. We went to some seedy, plastic steak house around Trafalgar Square and, from the moment we walked in, Conteh grew resentful, hot for trouble. "Fucking rip-off," he said. "Nobody fucking well fucks with me."

The waiter was a cringing little Asiatic who fitted neatly under the champion's armpit. Conteh treated him like scum and, in return, the waiter dawdled, sneered, no doubt spat in the soup. So Conteh called him a cunt. "That's what I like about John," said George Francis, "he's completely honest and he's got a wonderful sense of humour." After this, the meal seemed somehow short of sparkle. I tried to drown myself in a bowl of vinaigrette, harsh as sulphuric acid, while Conteh tore a chicken to pieces with his fingers and belched. "Just wait till you know him better," Francis offered. "You're really going to love him."

I doubted it; still, I stuck to my duty. Two days after our first meeting I went back to Conteh's house in Highgate and tried again. This time, against my expectations, Conteh came out much better. In fact, he proved almost unrecognisable. All trace of crassness had vanished. He was no longer crude, not overbearing in the least; he did not even swear. Instead he was thoughtful, gentle, somewhat solemn. He was also extremely articulate. He said that he had been doing a lot of reading. He was just finishing *Steppenwolf* and planned to polish off the rest of Herman Hesse while he was about it, one volume after another. He wanted to get a proper education. He had been thinking a lot about his philosophy. He was, he said, a

humanitarian. I asked him if this didn't sit oddly in a prizefighter.

"Why should it?" he said, quietly. "Boxing is my job. I do it because it's the only way that I can be free. Without it, I'd still be stuck in Liverpool, maybe on the dole or in trouble with the law. So I do what I've got to do, to survive and live a decent life. But I am not violent. Not outside the ring."

Seeing him like this, in repose, there was time to study his face. The features were exquisite with marvellous high cheekbones, silken flesh, a wide generous mouth. But it

was the eyes that impressed me most—deep set and impassive beneath ridged brows. When they turned and looked me over there was no possible room for doubt—if he ever thought it necessary, this man could kill me, without fuss or compunction.

He lolled back on the sofa, and his voice, a succulent Scouse, was meditative and low. "When you fight, do you hate?" I asked.

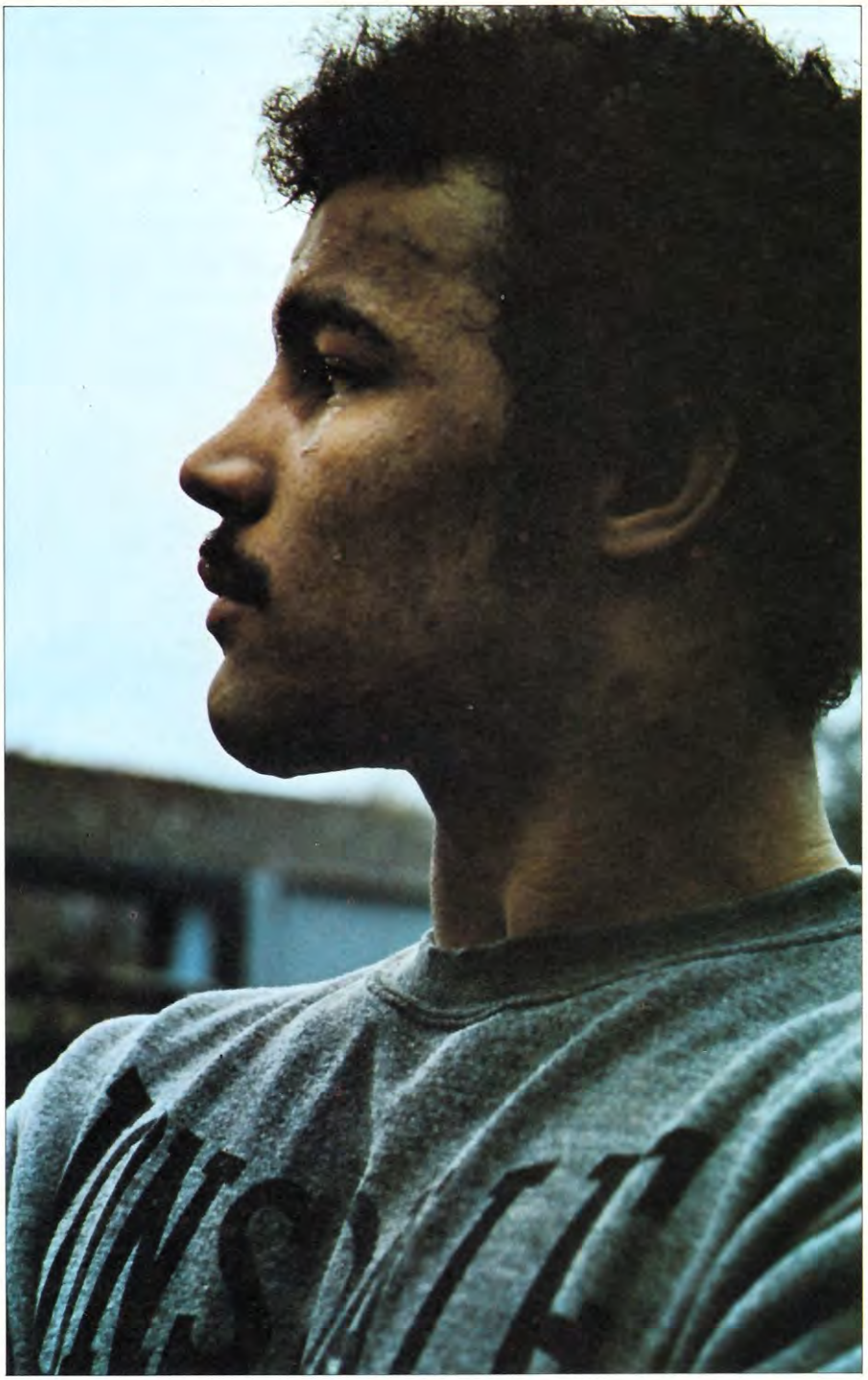
"I've got to," he said. "The other guy is trying to destroy me. He's going into that ring for just one reason, to hurt me, smash me, stop me from breathing. So you can't expect me to send him hugs and kisses. To me, he's Death and that's what the fight game is all about. Kill or be killed.

"About two weeks before every fight, I start to get mean and edgy. I shut out everything; nothing exists but boxing. Even if something terrible was to happen, like there was trouble with my family or somebody I loved had an accident, I wouldn't let it reach me. I couldn't afford to because I'm a professional, you see, and a pro can't let himself have feelings."

And what about the crowds, gawking, drooling, masturbating while he sweats and bleeds? The agents, the publicists, the middlemen, all the teeming parasites of the trade? Did he hate them, too? "What for? They pay my wages. I give them a fantasy, something to yell at, and in return they make me rich.

"A long time ago, I decided what I wanted in life. I'd gone in for the junior amateur championships and got as far as the semi-finals. Then I came up against someone who was really good and he knocked me flat. So when I got back to my dressing room I made myself a promise. From now on there'd be no more messing about. If I went on fighting, I'd do it properly, I'd give up my whole life to it and reach the very top. I'd make a pot of money, I would be famous. Everyone would respect me and run behind me. Then I would be free."

"Free for what?"



"To give," Conteh replied. "All I want to do is use my money and talent to bring people happiness. To make the world a better place and give everybody pleasure."

He meant it. One glance into those depthless eyes and there could be no question: he was utterly sincere. "Love," he said, hushed with earnestness. "I may fight for my living but I still believe in God and his teachings. The meek shall inherit the earth. Suffer the little children. Love makes the world go round. I've got the power, to help, to do good, and I'm going to use it. After all, what would be the point in being alive, why bother, unless I brought some joy?"

I went away baffled. It was a long time since I had met anyone so paradoxical, quite so full of traps and surprises. Where did the brash boor of our first meeting fit in with all this introspection and idealism? How could Conteh dedicate his life to bashing people's brains out, yet speak without hypocrisy of God and Love? I understood, of course, that every human possessed the same contradictions, that the impulses of destruction and tenderness were twins, continually at war in each of us. But in most of us the conflict was secret, bottled up, while Conteh expressed it quite openly. "I perform," he'd said, in another context. "The rest of you only watch."

George Francis expanded the theme. "I know what you mean," he said. "John's a very unusual boy, moody and changeable, sort of split. At times he can seem vicious and hard but he doesn't really mean it. Deep down, he's generous, warm, full of fun. As a fighter, he's got to be ruthless and shoot to kill, but he makes it as painless as possible. For instance, if he was ever forced to smash you, because it was either you or him, I guarantee that you'd never feel a thing."

"But he would destroy me just the same," I said.

"Of course he would," said Francis patiently, "but he wouldn't mean it personal."

* * *

Two weeks later, Conteh won the Sporting Superstars by a landslide, dismissing the likes of David Hemery, Colin Bell and Mike Channon like so many Sunday afternoon punters. About a month later he beat Ahumada. For the moment he seemed invincible, omnipotent. . . . Britain's greatest athlete.

The rewards were instantaneous. Not since George Best had the British press found a sportsman so flash, so remotely glamorous, and they milked him for all he was worth. Morning after morning, his teeth would confront me across the breakfast table, flashing out that dazzling smile as he presented cheques to pools' winners, hugged some starlet or beauty queen, waved to the adoring multitudes. He bought himself a mansion in Hampstead, sipped champagne, wore tuxedos and drove in limousines. In three more years, it was estimated, he would be a sterling millionaire.

"Colour is a box. I refuse to be locked in. I am not black, I'm just a human being"

Despite all this, he clearly had not abandoned his ideals. It was reported that he had been offered £100,000 to fight in South Africa. Conteh refused to be tempted. Any deal with apartheid, he said grandiloquently, would have been an insult to his human dignity and his integrity as a British subject. So he went off to judge Miss World instead and danced the first waltz with the winner, holding her respectfully at a distance in case his hand slipped. I saw him at later fights, looking slick. How had he developed, what direction was he taking, now that he had achieved his great goal, fulfilled his destiny? I wondered if he was satisfied or was he still hungry for more?

* * *

Outwardly, nothing much was changed. His new house was still in the process of being redecorated so I met him in the same dreary room in Highgate. No flash cars or groupies kept vigil outside, and Conteh himself appeared in an outfit of anonymous denims. He seemed relaxed, benign. There were a few faint lumps and nicks about his cheekbones where Ahumada had left his mark but otherwise he looked fresh, almost boyish. But his eyes could still kill.

I asked him how he'd felt at the instant of consummation, when the last bell sounded and he knew that the title was his. "Very strange," he said. "When I turned and began to move towards the referee, so that he could raise my hand, I seemed to freeze. This was everything I'd worked for, all my struggles, all my dreams, boiled down into a single second. I'd done it, I'd finally made it. All I had to do was walk a yard to claim it, get my reward. And I couldn't. It was like 100 miles.

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Time stood still and I could hardly move my legs.

"Later on, I went cold inside. I went to a nightclub for a bit, then on to a Turkish bath to get a massage and have my bruises seen to. Everyone kept shouting, laughing, joking, slapping me on the back. They were all so happy, almost as if they'd won the title themselves. But me, I just wanted to go away. I wanted to be alone and very quiet, so that I could think clearly and get my balance back. I kept on thinking: *'This isn't right, you shouldn't be feeling like this, you should be going wild'* All I could feel was solitude."

I got the impression that this sense of isolation was still with him. George Francis was not around to act as a go-between, to paper over the cracks, and on his own Conteh seemed more separate, more self-sufficient than ever. "I've made my plans," he told me. "I won't tell you how long I'll keep on fighting but I've got the time limit in my head and it won't be forever. I'm not going to stick around for five years, 10 years, like everybody tells me to, to get my face knocked in and my brains mashed. The moment I've made enough money, I'll grab it and get out.

"The way I feel, I could be anything I wanted, become exceptional in any field: music, academics, sports—you name it, I can do it—and what's more, I'll do it in *my* time. I'll immerse myself in it completely; live it, breathe it, so that nothing else exists, and in six months, maybe a year, I'll have mastered it. That's how I tackle everything—all the way, 101%. Then even if I fail, I know that I've given it my best and I have no regrets. To myself, I haven't lost.

"I can't stand the idea of waiting. Even when I was a kid, back in Liverpool, I hated all that stuff about apprenticeships and working your way up slow. Slogging your whole life away, 65 years, to get something and, when you finally reach it, you're too old and sickened to enjoy it. It's all a con. A miserable farce. For me, when there's something I want, it's like I lock myself in a room and don't come out until I've achieved it. That's why I'm champion at 23. You wouldn't catch me hanging on, all my best years a professional, giving up my head and my looks and my whole being to make it. I don't mess about, I won't be used. What I need, I take."

In print, this may sound arrogant. In the context, Conteh was doing no more than explaining, stating facts. Slumped back with his eyes half-shut, he spoke calmly and softly, concentrating hard, as though to avoid mistakes. For all his surface ruthlessness, there was an honesty, even a backhanded kind of innocence to him that was not easy to resist. At root, he was completely straight and, just as George Francis had predicted, I found that I liked him a lot. He drank endless cups of sudsy coffee, tensed the sinews on the back of his hands, leaned forward with hunched shoulders to increase his concentration even further. "It's all up to me," he said. "I've achieved the power, fame, position. Now I've got to use them."

I asked him if he was political. For instance, might he follow Ali and use his name as a springboard for Black Power? He shook his head and looked sulky. "Colour is a box; I refuse to be locked in," he said. "When I was a child, the white kids called me Nigger and I used to fight them. My mother said: 'Take no notice, it doesn't exist', and now I know that she was right. I am not black, I am not anything. I'm just a human being and anyone who tries to make a wrong distinction, like Ali does, is insulting me, abusing my privacy.

"Nobody gets into my mind. I don't like it when someone trespasses on my property, comes into my house and uses my TV, my stereo, my washing machine without my permission. My brain is the same. Nobody tells me what to think or how I ought to feel. Ali may be a great boxer but he can't come into my head without a ticket and I'm not going to give him one."

I backed off. Obviously, whatever his general benevolence, there were strict limits to the kind of probing that Conteh would allow. His private life and his convictions were his own business and it would have taken an even greater schmuck than myself to push him. "Listen," he said and, obediently, I listened. "When I turned pro, I signed a three year contract, not just legally but body and soul as well. It was like I'd said: 'All right, I will give away a percentage of my mind. I will do as I'm told, I'll play the game. I'll eat, drink, breathe, dream to orders, and I'll do anything and everything that's necessary because it's a means to an end, the only way for me to reach my destiny.' So I let myself be ruled and in a way I surrendered, gave up my privacy. Now the three years are up. I've won the game and it's time for a new contract. From now on, the rules are my own."

He showed no anger. His voice was still soft and muffled and he made no bombastic gestures, but it was not possible to escape his earnestness, his growing intensity, and I was struck more forcibly than ever by his certainty, his strength, his self-containment and his absolute directness. "I've got my mind back again," he said. "My heart and soul are intact and no one will ever break in on them again. That's why I support the fight game—it's given me the means to overcome. Without it, I'd be nothing. But now I am a king and can start to benefit mankind. I can buy myself a big house, nice clothes, a Rolls. One day I'll be able to hire a plane, fill it up with food and stuff, and send it off to Bangladesh. So let people call me a flash bastard because I fight and live in luxury, but I might save 100 lives while the ones who put me down sit back and never lift a finger.

"In the end, that's the only thing that matters. Life and death. The chance to breathe. All the rest is a wank."

Conteh's kid brother came in with yet another cup of coffee. John hardly seemed to see him, so deeply was he immersed in his thoughts. He went on talking without a break, half-mumbling, as if in private reverie, his hands limp across his thighs.

Suddenly: "Just because I'm a boxer that doesn't say I'm perverted. You can say that fighters act like animals, tearing each other to pieces, but animals have no mind, they never rise to anything finer. Anyway, which is the better? To face a man in a ring or to look on and wank, like the generals do, while thousands and millions of people are slaughtered?"

There seemed no answer. Then Conteh opened his eyes and he shook his head and shoulders, like a dog emerging from deep and treacherous waters. "All fights are the same. A way to survival. A chance to drag yourself up out of the filth, win your freedom and then you can live in the light."

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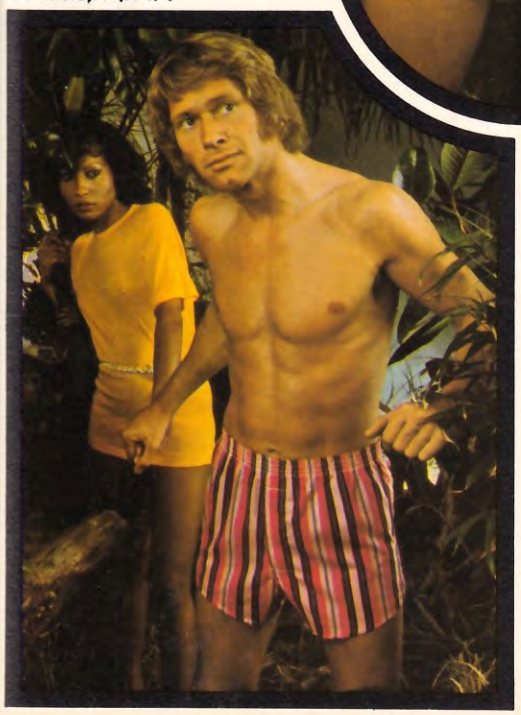

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A man who has not been in Italy, said Dr Johnson, *is always conscious of an inferiority*. A man who has not driven an Italian car should feel the same; and a man who, having driven one, remains unconscious of its particular virtues, is just plain inferior. Set an Italian to produce a car, and he will behave as though convinced he has the blood of Benvenuto Cellini coursing in his veins — and it can be no accident that Italian bodies are the most stylish, Italian engines the most classically elegant in their architecture, Italian differential housings the most artistically wrought in the world. Set an Italian to drive a car, and he will declare a different genealogy, compounded of Nuvolari and Campari, of Varzi and Farina, and all the others who were at one time or another the greatest racing drivers of their time. He will not be content until all four tyres are howling, until the engine has reached peak power and revs in every gear, until he has demonstrated his virtuosity and brinkmanship around every corner and his mastery along every straight. Whether his car be the humblest Fiat with two cylinders or the most lordly Lamborghini with 12, he will drive it as though it were an Alfa Romeo. For Nuvolari and the others it usually *was* an Alfa Romeo, the car with steering and handling and brakes and power to deal with the Alpine passes at the back door of the factory and the long flat Autostrade at the front.

It has always been the same, ever since the days of the first competition model of 1911: the Alfa Romeo is a car for the driver to enjoy. He does not actually have to race; he does not even have to drive any faster than he would choose to in anything else. All he has to do is to feel, to sense, to be aware of the eloquent and unmistakable messages that inform him, through ears and eyes and fingers and toes, through the palms of the hands and the seat of the pants, precisely what the mechanical complex between him and the road is doing *and is about to do*. The Alfa is a car that protects the maladroit and encourages the adept.

Nowadays not all Alfas are high-powered, nor are they all built in or near Milan. The Alfasud is a quite small saloon for the four-bottomed family, a fairly simple front-wheel-drive affair whose decidedly atypical iron engine is not very lusty but quite frugal, so that although the admiration of pater-familias may be boundless as he hustles the little car through corners at absurdly high rates of turn, his pocket does not have to be bottomless when he refills the petrol tank. But the Alfasud could do with more power, for it handles with such astonishing alacrity and stability right up to its maximum speed (a mere 91 mph or so) that its driver feels frustrated at the lack of sheer urge to reach limiting speeds more quickly and more often. I have been driving a more highly tuned version, the Alfasud TI which has 8% more power and five gears instead of four: better and livelier, it will reach 95 mph in less time than the basic Alfasud takes to reach 90, and steers with less twitchiness right up to nearly 100. To achieve fast times still demands very free use of the gearbox to keep the revs up, however, in which case the petrol burns up at about a gallon per 24 miles, compared with 31 if you drive with a bit less verve.

Still, the Alfasud is not the car that Penthouse is going to sponsor in this year's touring car championship races. Splendid though

it is in its efficiency and its responsiveness, it is a fairly basic car—the economy aspect is heightened by an appearance that suggests a piggy bank that has been kicked in the posterior—and its 1186 cc engine is too small to match the 1600 cc competition it would meet in even the smallest capacity class of the championship. So what can Alfa Romeo offer that is somewhat bigger?

There is the Alfetta, one of the newest models from Milan, a genuine five-seater of blameless modernity and body-cosseting comfort that is nevertheless a car steeped in Alfa Romeo tradition. Its engine is an Alfa classic, an aluminium four-cylinder affair owing its architecture to an uninterrupted 50 years of evolution in racing and super-sports cars of precious memory. Again the steering and handling, the roadholding and braking, and the mechanical serenity that accompanies the performance all bear witness to an inheritance that today's engineers and test drivers at Milan are clearly proud to own.

The first time I put the 121 hp of the Alfetta to the test was around the Grand Prix circuit at Silverstone, immediately after trying a basic 63 hp Alfasud. The smaller car, thanks to its excess of cornering power over engine power, could be driven flat-out in top gear nearly all the way round. By contrast the Alfetta, though by no means short of cornering prowess, could manage tolerably well without top gear being engaged at all. Trying fifth gear occasionally showed it to be nicely judged for high-speed cruising—and when I later took a similar car out on the public highway, and wound it up in that long-striding fifth, I found that although the neutral-conditions maximum speed might only be about 112 mph the car could manage a one-way timed 117.7 mph, in surprising quietness and ample comfort for the three adults and two children aboard. This was comfortable high-speed cruising indeed; and further appraisal showed the Alfetta to be competent in high-speed anything, for its acceleration was very brisk and its behaviour in corners suitably predictable and tenacious. I think it was a defective damper that made the ride and roadholding of this specimen a little less comfortable than in the first example, but it was still an immensely encouraging car. Moreover it was an astonishingly abstemious one, only returning less than 28 mpg when being abused in the cause of finding how fast it could go.

Family comfort and touring economy are not exactly conducive to race-track superiority, so it will not be the Alfetta that Penthouse is going to sponsor this year, either. If you saw any of the Touring Car Championship races in 1974, you would have noticed some 1600 GT Alfas in the smallest class, looking and sounding rather more standard than some of their highly-modified rivals, and yet contriving to win their class on three occasions. Now the 1600 GT Junior Alfa Romeo, to honour it with its full style and title, is not normally available on the UK market; but in this competition trim it is about as fast as the showroom-condition two-litre version that your local Alfa agent will happily sell you. Even more happily, I borrowed one, and enjoyed it enormously.

Ignore the fact that, in enlarging their 1780 cc engine (as used in the Alfetta) to a full two litres, Alfa robbed it of its economy. In every other respect the engine does wonders for the elegant little GT coupé, endowing it with 133 horsepower and the 120 mph right to be called the GT *Veloce*.

(GT? On the flanks of some flash-trimmed version of a mass-produced family fugbox, such initials might signify nothing more than that the owner was a great twit; but on an Alfa Romeo they mean the same as they have meant for 45 years.) The *gran turismo* model is one that has the feel of a racing car, the performance of a genuine sports car, the glamour of an opera coupé and the manners of a prince. It will take two people and a fortnight's luggage on a high-speed tour of Europe, two people and their children on a gentle potter to the sea. It hurtles along expressways as though to make distance a delusion; storms the hairpins of an Appenine pass as if momentum were a falsehood; saunters back from the village shop as though eggs and milk were the most precious commodities imaginable.

If Alfa Romeo virtually invented the gran turismo car as long ago as 1929, if even then they had settled on the type of cylinder head and valve gear that endures in their better cars to this day, is there not some danger that their cars be judged old-fashioned? The GTV *is* old-fashioned—but in ways that make the description a compliment. As sold for the road, without the racing tyres and brake linings and so forth that adapt it to the supreme stress of the circuits, it may not have any exceptional degree of roadholding; but it has quite superb handling, utterly predictable in every move and responsive to every direction. Thus the GTV brings utmost delight to the meanest journey, gratifying senses and exercising skills that a meaner and more modern car might mask. Despite its recently enlarged engine it is elderly in its basic design: it must be a dozen or more years since it appeared in its earliest form, so it belongs to a generation in which means were thought more important than ends. Accordingly it is a car of very individual character, a car of considerable beauty and very satisfying feel; a car that is replete with detail and no less attractive for being old-fashioned, in which the means of gear-changing, steering and braking are as aesthetically satisfying as the Bertone body.

Penthouse is hooked. For a couple of years it has been motor-minded, for a twelve-month it has relished racing. In associating itself with Alfa Romeo for the season just starting, sporting its colours on the brace of Milanese GTs it will be supporting, and chronicling the races of an exciting year, Penthouse is simply doing things properly. With the frankness that has always been the magazine's speciality, there is only one thing more to say: win or lose, we have joined the motoring peerage. *Sensation*, as Dr Johnson also remarked, *is sensation;* and the Alfa Romeo is just that.

Make it a long weekend.

SK 56A

MIDDLE TAR

As defined in H.M. Government Tables published in September 1974.

EVERY PACKET CARRIES A GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING

Rites of Spring

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

The splendour of springtime—the first day of spring. The sun kissing the air with warmth, making the day more gentle than Sarah and Julia might have expected. They walk through the woods on trails that only children know—wandering through the wilderness of the adolescence. Women in the first full bloom of maturity.

Reunions are strange, unpredictable. Julia and Sarah are old friends, with that special familiarity born of constant childhood togetherness. In

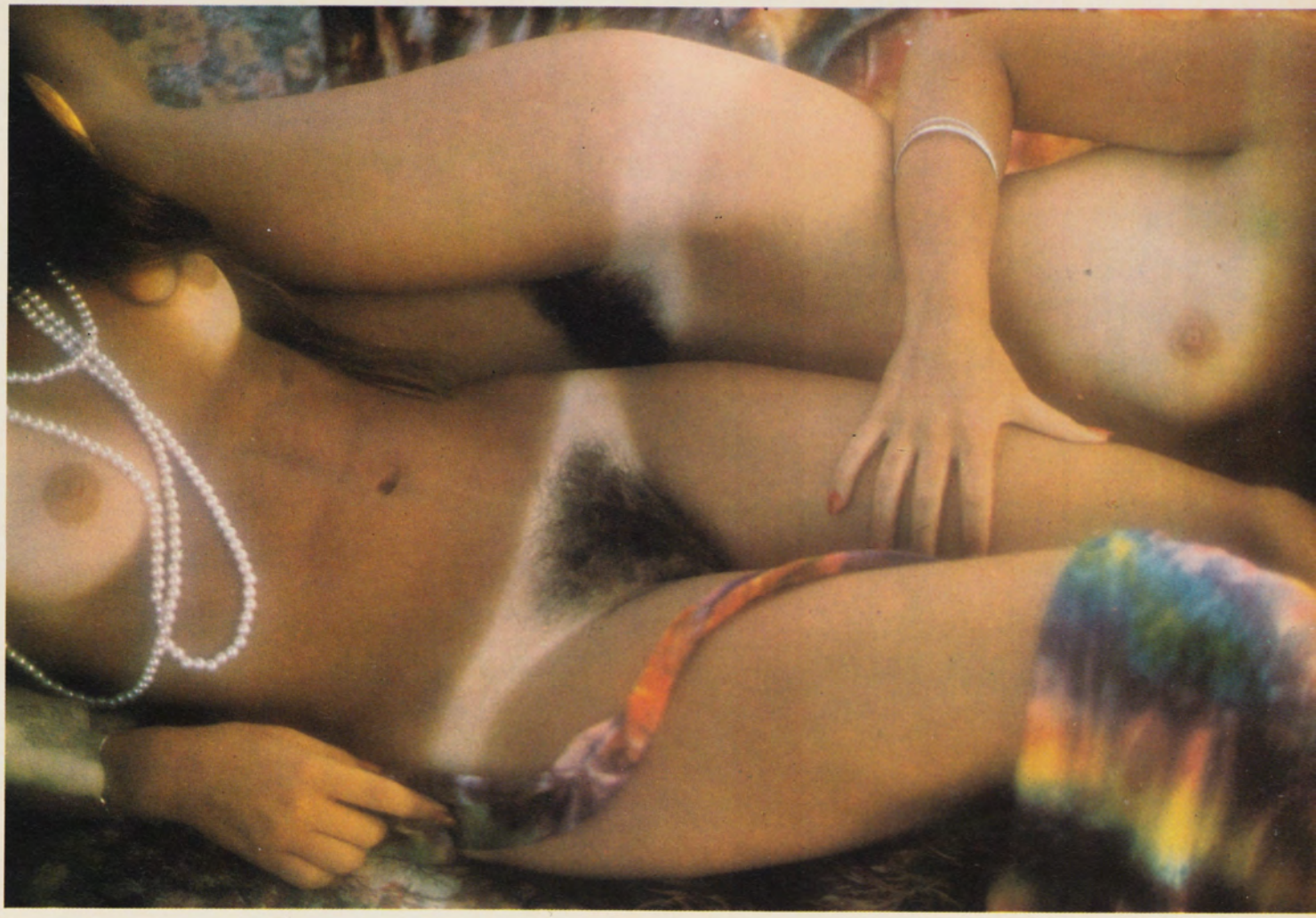
these same woods they played out their earliest fantasies. Now there is a different mood. The deep, long-standing affection between Julia and Sarah has not changed, save for a sensual closeness that has grown between them. They are no longer children, and a sudden inexplicable intensity has suffused their love and trust for each other.

Caresses. The whispering and giggles are still part of their intimacy, but suddenly there is a natural need to touch and explore each other with lips, tongues, and delicate fingers. Gently, *very* gently.

It is a time of exquisite serenity. The forest is a magical boudoir where they can let themselves go safely and serenly. Julia rests her head on

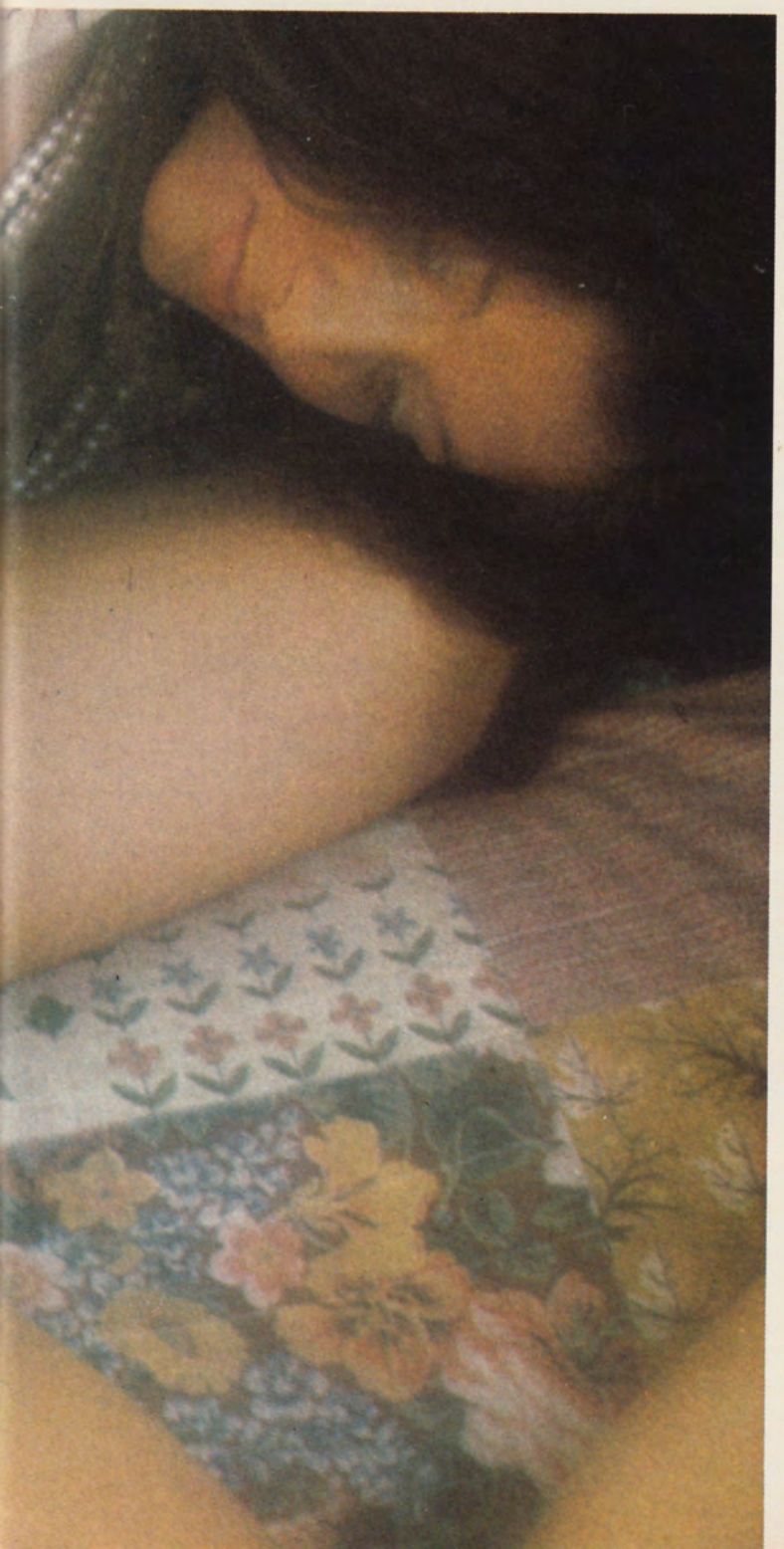
Sarah's breast and their heartbeats reverberate in the quietness. It is a private time, a time for affection between two women discovering the mysteries and the pleasures of their newly understood womanhood. A time for music.

Sarah's flute is accompanied by the rustle of the wind in the trees. Time stands still. The forest makes its own music, and Sarah and Julia orchestrate the mood. There is a hush, a muted wind dies, and the two friends slip into each other's arm. Hands brush across taut breasts and rest on a heartbeat. There is pleasure in their love. Strong bodies are aroused by the subtle tickling of the breeze as it stirs again. Julia's



body responds to the touch of Sarah's fine gentle hands—hands so much like her own. Sarah reacts with effortless grace, her hands stroking Julia with slow, long-sweeping caresses. The finesse of the sensual.

There is no envy here, only the mutuality of their pleasure and the joy of their loving. A touching with whispers—breath held in ecstasy. The soft feel of breasts and thighs, and the warmth that falls over those who understand the erotic tenderness that enfolds two women in this primal way. Loving, adoring, passionate sisters.



FREE MEMBERSHIP OF THE PENTHOUSE CLUB FOR ONE NIGHT

Top—our Pets have a welcome all their own. Above—jet-set guests set a lively pace

To every reader of Penthouse magazine, this privilege offer gives you on any night you choose, the basic ingredient for the night of your life—a free one-night membership to the fabulous world famous Penthouse Club.

So cut loose from satanic millsville, take a break, dig out the groovy strides, cast off the pin stripe socks, grab your beads and strap on your skates, catch a train, a bus, a taxi, even uncle Henry's helicopter, parachute in on us if you like, land on the roof. The more directions you come at us from, the more we like it.

We've got three bars, an international class restaurant, snacks whenever and wherever you want them, a private cinema and the pick of the prettiest, leggiest, cheekiest chicks in London to make sure you don't groove out into the early hours without some very interesting memories. We have to admit (under the Trade Descriptions Act) to a little male chauvinism, because we didn't choose our Pets for their university degrees, though one of them has, but for their beauty and man-appeal.

The Penthouse Club takes good care of you. From the moment you arrive in the tiny narrow streets in the heart of London's magic Mayfair village, outside the Penthouse Club, from the moment you're wafted through the doors, free, into impossible luxury, you're inside the friendliest club in Europe and we're out to prove it. So give us a chance to pamper you. Come and be fussed and indulged, wined and dined, come and be tempted in the sheer luxury of ultimate sophistication. Prepare for fun and games—our Pets are only human after all.

The Penthouse Club is impressive. Internationally acclaimed for its food, drink, music and decor, it is one of the widest and wildest talked about clubs in Europe.

It's boisterous. You only have to move out onto the dancefloor of the Speakeasy to discover there are a lot of people like you who're there for a rockin' good time.

It's noisy. The Speakeasy disco spins out the wildest sounds in town from 9.30 to 3am. The bar serves the wildest drinks until 3am too.

It's groovy. The lights are red and low and you can operate your own lights from your own table, from dark to bright, while you're cocooned in your own private wall snug.

It's for lovers. The piano bar is subdued and restful. Our pianist will play more requests than you can hope

Top—we often break into impromptu parties. Above—see someone you fancy?

to remember. Our Pets will serve you as many drinks and the peanuts are free.

It's a name-dropper. Visit the VIP restaurant, sample some of the finest cuisine in Europe, feel rich, successful and pampered and eat beside the stars in the early hours, as they take tables next to you. The list is impressive and impossibly long to include here.

It's inexpensive. Spirits in all three bars are 35p a shot and between 6.30 and 8pm in the Speakeasy they're two for the price of one, so fuel up for the night. Take on more food than you've dreamed of in the VIP and have enough change from a fiver for a round of drinks.

It's late. Come at any time and do your own thing until 3am every morning.

It's friendly. The Penthouse Club takes good care of you. Our Pets will have you eating out of their hands—but we won't have the shirts off your backs—so fall in the water, drop off the mountain, dive into the swim. Come and join us for one night at least. It's the least you can do.

Just fill in the membership coupon on this page and bring it with you. Just sign on the dotted line for the time of your life. Leave it to us.

Top—our Pets take good care of you. Above—our Penny Sutton and friends enjoy our hospitality. Above—Associate Publisher Al Freedman welcomes the guests

I wish to take out FREE trial membership to the Penthouse Club for a period of one night only:

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....(I am over 18 years old)

(This coupon must be submitted 48 hours before membership is required)

A PAIN IN THE NECK

Andrew Dickson shows why the British horror movie business, unlike many of its heroines, isn't about to suffer a fate worse than death

All that day it had rained. With evening came a thunderstorm over Lake Leman and the rain continued, unabated, through the night. In the Villa Diodati, rented by the English party for the summer, they passed the time in the traditional manner, sitting round the fire telling each other ghost stories. The rain tapping incessantly at the window, the black night and the howling wind lent suitable atmospherics. The consequences of that night of story telling are still with us.

For that English party had consisted of two of the greatest poets of the age, Byron and Shelley. With them was Mary Godwin Shelley, the poet's mistress, her stepsister, Jane Clairmont, the spurned mistress of Lord Byron and John Polidori, Byron's personal physician. And from that night of June 15th in 1816 came two inexhaustible veins of English horror entertainment: the vampire and the monster. It had been Byron who had suggested, as the grey light of dawn filtered through the shutters, that all five write a ghost story.

Byron and Shelley soon gave up, both poets professing to find the platitudes of prose irksome. Claire dropped out and Mary wrote nothing at first. Byron gave his idea to the young Polidori who, he knew, wanted to be a writer. Taken from a Greek folk legend he had come across on his travels, it was of the vampire, a creature who returns from the grave to prolong an evil existence by sucking the blood of the living, eventually transmuting them to his own restless state. This was the first vampire story exclusively in English and it spawned an unlimited progeny, each feeding off the last just as the vampire is said to do.

Polidori's story was a thinly disguised portrait of Byron, under the name Lord Ruthven. Thus it was that the Byronic hero, created by Byron himself with such touches as drinking vinegar to make his complexion pale, gave birth to another enduring Romantic hero, the vampire. Polidori published his story

Clockwise from left—Madeline Collinson, vampire twin from Twins of Evil; serious case of premature burial; unsuccessful attempt at monster making from Horror of Frankenstein; victims of Countess Dracula uncovered

in 1819, anonymously, but hinted that it had been written by Byron, which contributed in no small measure to its success. In vain Byron disclaimed the work, for he had become a victim of the public's hunger for a Satanic figure, the Mick Jagger of his day. In the year that he had unwittingly created the literary vampire, another ex-mistress, Lady Caroline Lamb, had written a novel, *Glenarvon,* based very obviously on him. Byron's comment on it is apt: " 'Kiss and tell' bad as it is, is surely less so than 'Fuck and publish'."

It was Mary Shelley's tale that achieved immortal fame. A few nights after the ghost story session she had a nightmare. "I saw the pale student of hallowed arts kneeling beside the thing he had put together . . . he sleeps but he is awakened . . . behold the horrid thing stands at his bedside, opening his curtains and looking on him with yellow, watery but speculative eyes." And so Frankenstein was born. In writing the story of a scientist who aspires to the role of God in creating another living creature, and who is haunted forever after by the monstrous results of his ambition, this polite, shy 18-year-old created a classic of English literature, one that retains an enormous hold over the popular imagination, increasing rather than diminishing in relevance with the passing years.

The role played by Lord Byron in the creation of the fictional vampire explains one thing very clearly—the image of the vampire as a cold-hearted yet fatally attractive seducer of women. In the only rival to *Frankenstein,* Bram Stoker's *Dracula*—first published in 1897 and never out

of print since—a modern reader cannot fail to discern the sexuality that throbs beneath its Victorian moral surface. It is because the terrible Count Dracula attempts to ravish the two sweet young English girls, Lucy and Mina, that the book thrilled its audience of bored gentlewomen and their frustrated suitors.

Top—Daniel Massey gives blood in Vault of Horror. Above—Horror of Frankenstein. Below left—Yutte Stensgaard, straight from girls finishing school. Right—Demons of the Mind, gardeners beware

Where Stoker's novel scored over its rivals in the Gothic horror stakes was in its wealth of convincing detail, as the scene shifts from remote Transylvania where "every known superstition in the world is gathered into the horseshoe of the Carpathians, as if it were the centre of some sort of imaginative whirlpool", to the tranquil English countryside. Nevertheless, Stoker had never been nearer Transylvania than peering at maps in the British Museum reading room and nearly every detail in *Dracula* is wrong. Yet the Rumanian Tourist Board is now busily constructing a Hotel Dracula on the spot where Stoker placed his Castle Dracula to placate Western tourists who come in pilgrimage to the place. Such is the power of popular fiction, that it can modify reality to conform to its image.

For us in the West, Dracula is the legendary Vampire Prince most commonly associated with Christopher Lee who, surprisingly, does look similar to contemporary woodcuts of the 15th century ruler of Walachia. But in Eastern Europe Vlad Dracula, called "The Impaler" after a little hobby of his, has acquired an altogether different reputation. There he is the begetter of the tradition of the cruel but just despot which continued with rulers like Ivan the Terrible and Stalin. Vlad Dracula's action in inviting all the beggars in the land to a huge feast and afterwards locking them in the hall which he then burned down, was justified on the grounds that he did not wish anyone to be poor in his kingdom. Hardly a policy likely to commend itself to the rulers of our own welfare state.

However, if the original Dracula (the word means "son of the Dragon", the latter being a title awarded to his father) was no vampire, Bram Stoker at least got one thing right in identifying the centre of vampiric lore with Transylvania. Indeed, in remote regions of Eastern Europe the fear of vampires persists to this day where it is linked by the superstitious Slavic peasants with their fair hair and blue eyes, to the dark-haired, black-eyed strangers in their midst, mainly Jews and Gypsies.

The first man to play the part of Dracula in films was a Transylvanian, Bela Lugosi. Tod Browning's film of *Dracula* opened in 1931, the same year as James Whale's adaptation of *Frankenstein.* It was to be expected that Hollywood, which between the wars filmed practically every classic of English literature, should be first into the field with the two greatest horror classics. It was after the war that the horror tradition came firmly home to roost in Britain. By 1955 the fortunes of the British Hammer film production company were at their lowest ebb. Their studios had made one B feature in 12 months and their deal with 20th Century Fox, which had guaranteed lucrative American distribution, was coming to an end. Then suddenly the last of Hammer's 1954 productions started to hit paydirt at the box offices. This was *The Quater-*

mass Xperiment, probably the first television spin-off ever and Hammer were quick to realise the implications of their success.

The public paid to be scared.

Clockwise from above—human sacrifice for Twins of Evil; brooding Christopher Lee in Scars of Dracula; and again but getting hotter; Ingrid Pitt ageing fast as Countess Dracula; Horror of Frankenstein

Accordingly, Hammer took what was for the time an enormous gamble—they decided to revive the classic horror stories. On May 2, 1957 *The Curse of Frankenstein,* starring a youthful Peter Cushing, opened at the Warner in London's West End and immediately started breaking all box-office records. That summer it played 24 hours across America. Hammer was in business.

The press reaction was a different story. Briefly, the critics thought it stank. "A sickening and nauseating way to make a living" wrote one. Yet within a decade *The Curse of Frankenstein* was to be the centrepiece of the National Film Theatre's tribute to Hammer films. Despite this, Hammer horror is still not exactly the darling of intellectual coteries. Hammer have never been garlanded with awards at fashionable film festivals. Furthermore, the only time they used an admitted artist, Joseph Losey, to direct one of their films (*The Damned,* 1961), rather than good craftsmen, he and the company parted on bad terms. But one cannot reproach Hammer with failing at something they never set out to do in the first place.

Hammer are unashamedly popular and it is rather a measure of their success that, instead of critics' circle prizes, they should have won the Queen's Award to Industry in 1968 for their services to export. Their films bring one and a half million pounds a year into the UK from American distribution alone. To say that Hammer produces popular films does not bring us any closer to understanding their success. What could be said is that they possess the qualities of genuine folk art in that they appeal to primitive emotions, are strongly moral in tone and yet seethe with sexual symbolism. There is generally a younger brother sort of hero who is unquestionably virtuous, pitted against an undeniably evil adversary who possesses superior and supernatural powers but who is defeated in the end.

The narrative pace is fast and weighted towards action at the expense of character analysis. Ritual is heavily emphasised. Taken as a whole the body of Hammer horror films display a saga-like reverence for tradition. The plot, characters and motives, particularly in the Frankenstein and Dracula cycles, scarcely change from film to film and when they do, as in *Dracula A.D. 1972,* the results are disastrous. "Why on earth have poor old Dracula trotting up and down the Kings Road?" commented Terence Fisher, who directed the first, and still the best, of the Draculas in 1958.

Michael Carreras, third generation head of the family business of Hammer, acknowledges the supremacy of the traditional approach to horror. "We get a new audience every year. An audience that suddenly looks old enough or has become old enough to go and see something that they've heard about from their older brothers, from their uncles and from their fathers. Horror has been going for a long time. What is amazing—and a little restrictive—is that when the new generation comes along, they don't want to see this year's invention or variation on a

theme, they want to see the same one their brother saw, or heard their father or even their grandfather talk about.

"I've made a couple of real booboos over the years in trying to deviate from the original. Take Jekyll and Hyde. When we got into the horror field the classic had already been made and there had been a number of versions afterwards, so when I produced *The Two Faces of Dr. Jekyll* in 1960, I thought we must find a new way. I wasn't disappointed in the new way we found. We reversed the whole thing. Our Mr. Hyde wasn't a monster, he was very good-looking and able to practise his evil by virtue of his good looks. He was almost a Dorian Gray character. The picture died. I've learned my lesson. The audience don't want to see the themes mucked about. In another way of course this is tremendously helpful because they're a very loyal audience, very faithful to the genre. I find it extraordinary."

Extraordinary it certainly is. Michael Carreras' comments about his audience show that their responses go right back to the very roots of story-telling itself, when stories were told by word of mouth and handed down from father to son. The Old English epic, *Beowulf,* over two thousand years old, in which the hero defeats Grendel, the

Above—from well stocked dungeons a well stacked girl, adds a little life to Countess Dracula's morning face-pac; top—lunch.

"monster from the misty moors", was originally in this form. Perhaps Hammer should film it.

Horror is to England what the Western is to America, a native idiom. It is the only English film genre that has made an impact on world markets. Yet why is this? What quality makes British horror appeal alike to sophisticated American college boys, demure Japanese housewives and unlettered Indonesian farmers? One answer is that the myths embodied in British horror are universal. Every culture nurses a fear of the dead returning to weigh down the living with their importunate demands to share their lives.

The vampire is found in every locality on Earth. Similarly the collective unconscious recalls that modern science crawled out of the chrysalis of alchemy and that certain types of knowledge are forbidden, certain arts black. In the beginning, as one of our most potent myths has it, man was expelled from his rural paradise for eating the forbidden fruit of the tree of knowledge. Frankenstein is the last of a long line of mythic heroes who strove to gain the secret knowledge that divided Man from God. Prometheus, Dr Faustaus, the learned Rabbi Low of Prague who created a clay robot, The Golem: the romantic prometheanism of Frankenstein seems a distillation of all these.

Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde reflects a psychological truth as much as Oedipus. Mr Hyde is the embodiment of the untamed sexual and pleasure-bent id of man usually restrained by the civilised super-ego represented by the good Dr Jekyll. And because we are dealing in myth and allegory and not reality we can now see why Mr Hyde must be an ugly monster lurching, beastlike, out of the tangled thickets of our unconscious mind; rather than the handsome, civilised man of Hammer's unpopular version. The psychological accuracy of myths is good for movies. It means that you don't have to worry overmuch about motive and characterisation or the message. All you have to do is add enough sex and action, a pint or two of blood, stir and bring to the boil. There you have the recipe for horror success. Mind you, as with all good cooking, there's a lot of sheer intuition involved and no manual can teach you that.

As Michael Carreras has said, the formula horror movies, although money spinners, are creatively restrictive and it is to the vampire variants that one must go for extra flavour. One of the best is *Vampire Circus* (1972), scripted from an original story and directed by a newcomer, Robert Young. See it on the late night cinema circuit. Its theme is the revenge of the local vampire count who is staked by the enraged villagers in what must be one of the longest precredit sequences on record. So far, so trite. But one of his instruments of revenge is the weird gypsy "Circus of Nights" presided over by lusty Adrienne Corri. The props of this circus are magical: a woman who changes into a leopard-like creature, gravity-defying somersaults and, best of all, a funfair hall of mirrors with a difference. This one is called the Mirror of Life and draws you in with the mocking invitation to "see yourself as you really are". When you reach the last mirror, a set of pretty, flower-children vampire twins appear there. After a moment's confusion—and mounting panic because they look as though they're standing behind you, but when you look round *there is no-one there*—they suck you into the mirror and down to the Vampire Count's castle cellars. Judson Kinberg's script has a pleasing literacy absent from run-of-the-mill horror.

Fear drives out fear, as death drives out death. It is the vampires' credo. *Vampire Circus* marks a major sophistication in celluloid horror in its portrayal of the allure of evil, as opposed to the conventional bogey-man treatment it normally receives. It is also one of the few films to portray magic effectively, hiding its powers behind an innocent, shabby exterior and making them all the more terrifying for that. In this it compares with Jacques Tourneur's masterpiece, *Night of the Demon*, which they can't show on late night television enough for me, where the harmless old children's clown-conjuror suddenly turns into a black magician who conjures up a devastating whirlwind.

The obvious basis for the horror film genre is the Gothic novel of the late 18th and 19th centuries, but stylistically its roots can be traced to the Jacobean theatre, where themes of sorcery, incest and cannibalism abound. Above all Jacobean drama there hangs a pall of corrupt, cloying sensuality and unnatural vice and the best of the horror films have inherited that atmosphere. Although the line "One lust feeds the other", from *Vampire Circus* which the Count delivers to his lover who has just brought him a little girl victim has its parallels in Jacobean drama, it is not as good as my favourite, from *The Revenger's Tragedy:* "Oh one incestuous kiss picks open hell."

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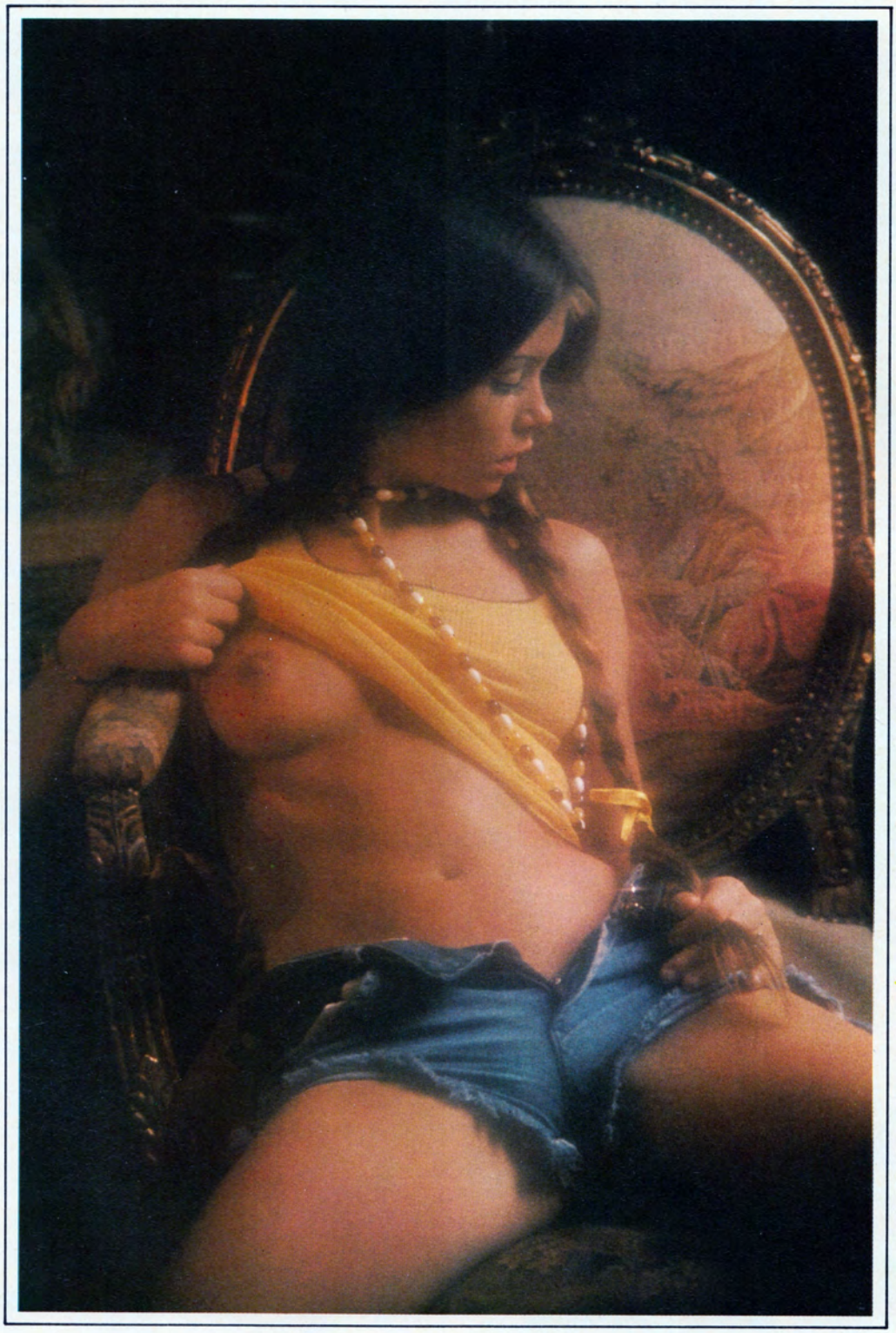

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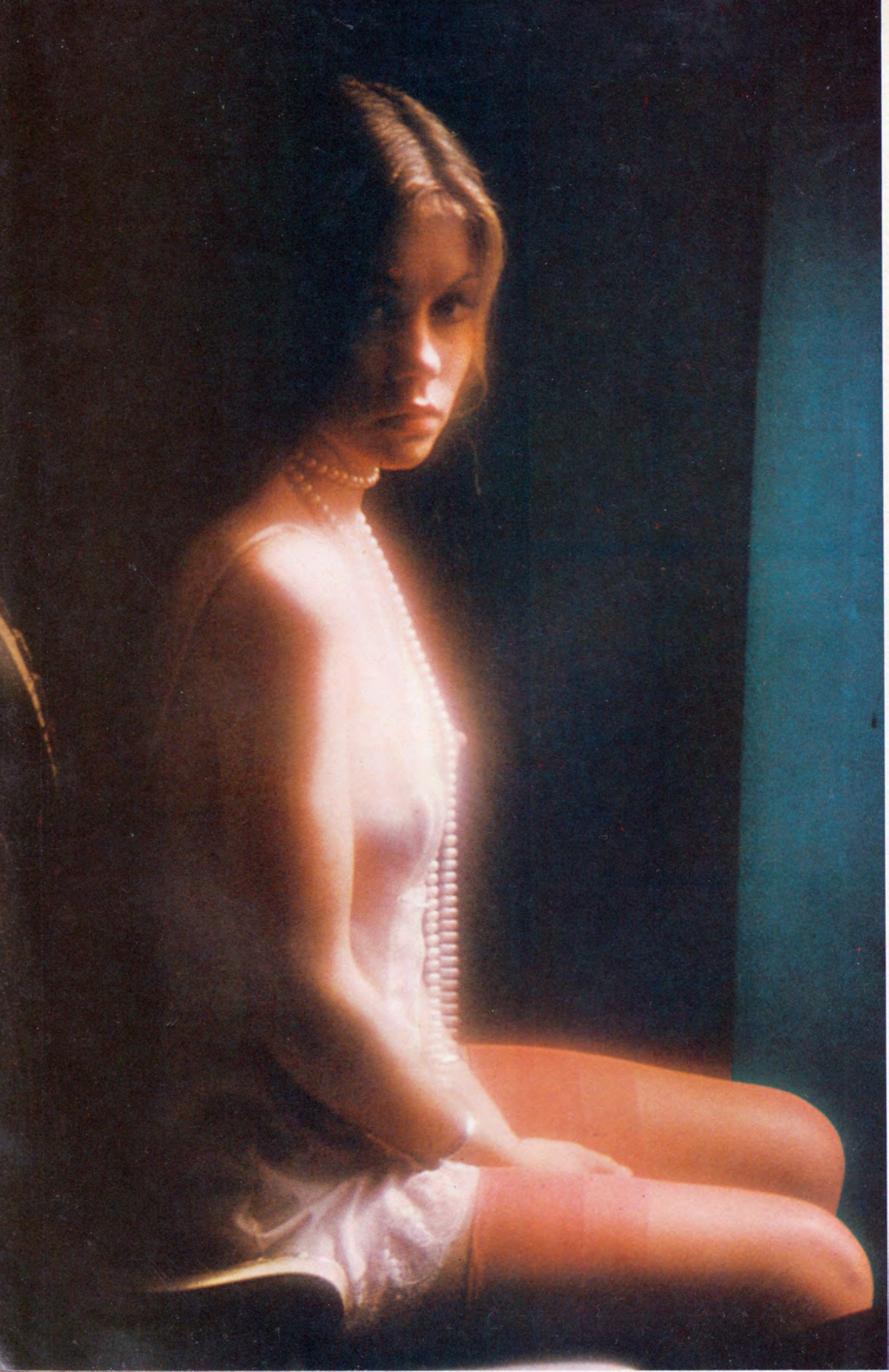


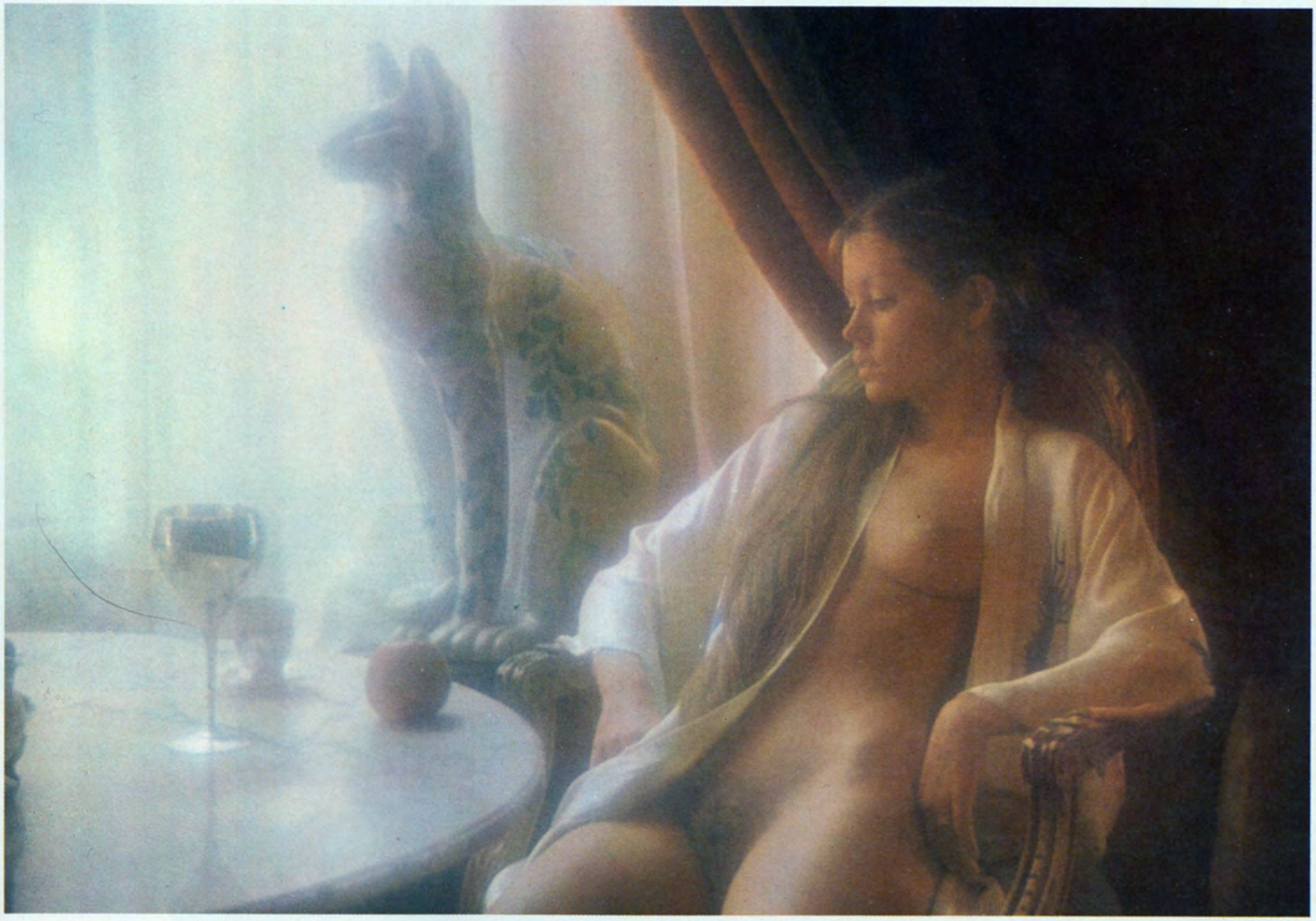
Bareback Ryder

"Growing up," according to Susan Ryder who was born on the twenty-second day of March 1954 and whose twenty-first birthday is herewith committed to history, "means growing up *out* of something . . . leaving something behind . . . your childhood maybe and what it felt like when you were a little kid and you believed in magic and superheroes. I still have a lot of that stuff in me and I don't want to let it go . . . I don't want to grow out of it."

Susan believes that youth is an enchanted time of life and that materialism, oversophistication, and cynicism are the causes of all our problems. "Basically," she says, "the world is still a good place."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

"I don't draw any line. I'd do anything for the man I love . . . anything except give up my self-respect."



Susan admits that she is not much concerned with politics, nor does she have any special savvy on the economic front, "but I do have strong feelings about the world we live in . . . the physical world . . . about human attitudes and feelings, and about the generation I belong to. Young people are very different today. We're optimistic about life. We don't accept the self-destruction thing—the inevitability of ideological wars on a grand scale and the idea that people are simply into destroying themselves. Maybe, by refusing to up grow all the way, my generation has a little clearer view of what's going on in the world, or maybe we just don't care about the same things in the same way."

Today, after twelve formidable years in a Roman Catholic convent, Susan describes her current lifestyle as "liberal, perhaps even liberated. I live in comparative seclusion on a farm just outside Philadelphia with my first boyfriend . . . the first guy who ever laid me. We've been together on and off for two years. I've had eight other men in the same period, but only two or three of them were important . . most were just kind of experimental. You go mad when you get out of a convent. There are only two kinds of graduates . . . the super straights and the ones who freak out—who go off the deep end and can't wait to make up for all that lost time. I was in the last category. I didn't actually go berserk, but I felt I had a lot of catching up to do. The only sexual experience I ever had before

"I love oral sex. My mouth seems to come alive. I could kiss passionately for hours and hours."

graduating from school happened when a girl friend of mine went to a hotel to fuck. She wanted me to go with her—for courage or protection, I guess. Anyway, there I was in the next bed. I was embarassed. I didn't know what to do, so I just lay there and read magazines.

"I met my own boyfriend one month after graduation. I saw him in a store—he was my type, lean and agile, and I let him know I was interested. I'd been ready to get it on with someone for a long time but no one really qualified. He was just right, but he never even tried anything until I invited him to Florida. I knew we were going to be alone there, because I had only one bedroom and one bed. When he arrived he had no idea we were going to sleep together. I was terribly shy but I had to have him. I got into bed with him that first night and it blew his mind. I wasn't really frightened . . . I knew what to do but not how to do it. He was good though. He knew what he was doing. He initiated things . . . taught me, and I learned fast and began to widen my own interests immediately.

"Sex is very important to me—every part of it, the sensuality, the form of expression. Communication with someone is impossible without some sort of sex relationship as well as an intellectual, emotional, and spiritual one. I love to experiment in bed—it's challenging. I'm inclined to be a little aggressive and I usually initiate things. There are times, however, when I like to be taught and other times

"Sex is very important to me—not just getting off; everything involved is important, the sensuality, the form of expression . . ."

when I like to teach. I haven't discovered any hangups in myself yet. I want to experience *everything.* I don't draw any line . . . except in terms of quality. I'd do anything for the man I love . . . anything except give up my self-respect. I love oral sex. My mouth seems to come alive. I could kiss passionately for hours and hours. Big dicks are great, and thickness is more important than length. But long *and* thick is 'prime'." Susan compounds her predilection for the eternally youthful and uncynical view—the view, as she says, of her own, newly emergent generation—by carefully defining the men to whom she is attracted.

"A man has to be artistic, experimental, and malleable in his manner. Intellect is priority number one, and no relationship is possible if I don't have respect for his mind. His body should be slim and medium tall—five-ten to six feet—and the face is very important but shouldn't be pretty. It must have some sensual characteristics. I like a guy who is sure of himself but not sure of you. And he must have a sense of humour. I dislike liars, and I particularly dislike people who make me lie by trying to conform to their own phoney image of me. I don't think I'll ever get married either. It's hard enough to back out of a personal entrapment—so why create a legal one?" If in these changing times Susan Ryder believes the world a good place to be, then we can but admire that youth always finds the best of all worlds.

MISS SUSAN RYDER/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

Treading prejudice underfoot/South African wines by **Kingsley Amis**

They've been making wine in South Africa for over 300 years, and by now they're pretty good at it. They don't produce much, and most of what they do produce they drink themselves, but we've been importing from them for a long time and now take about half of what they sell abroad. (All the wines I'm going to mention are obtainable from SAWFA, the South African Wine Farmers' Association, who welcome enquiries—01-626 7985. You may also find them in off-licences.)

When you see a bottle of South African wine around the place, try it. This unsensational piece of advice is necessary because of the prejudice against it that used to be extreme and still lingers. A host will say: "Tell me what you think of this—I'm afraid it's only South African." Time was when this apology was necessary; the stuff was still pretty vile in my youth. But in the last 30 years or so immense strides have been made. You'll be drinking something that's been produced with care, skill, and honesty: the basis is fermented grape juice only, with no additions or adulterations. That should go without saying, but these days it unfortunately doesn't—remember France's Winegate scandal?

The best and best-known South African contribution comes in the sherry category. British pundits turned up their noses for a long time until, at 'blind' sherry-tastings, it began to be noticed that the South African article wasn't doing badly in competition with the Spanish. Make no mistake: all the really first-class sherries come from Spain, but there are now some very good ones from S.A. *And* they're cheaper. These days, for a tip-top Spanish dry, you won't get away under about £1.50. The South African parallel will give you change out of a quid, and it's just as wholesome and just as strong.

The growers make all the types of sherry made in Spain and, as far as they can, they make them by the same methods. I liked something called Mymering the best when I held my scientifically-controlled one-man tasting. It's pale, very dry but smooth, with a nutty tang to it. I've said that the first-class sherries are all Spanish, but if Mymering gets any better those fellows in Jerez will have to start looking to their laurels. My personal taste is admittedly for the very-dries; all the same, anyone who likes them would surely have to admit that this is outstanding. Highly recommended.

A drink called, rather uninformatively, Cape Dry will appeal to those who go for the little-less-dry sherries; it's roughly in the dry-amontillado range. The sweetish-amontillado type is well represented by Renasans—a bit too sweet for me, but, as I said, that's my taste. Onzerust falls nicely into the sweet-but-not-too-sweet bracket. Golden Acre is a very decent flavoury dessert sherry. It would go well with a pudding; cheaper and stronger than the sweet white wines of France and Germany.

Except to impress people (which is important) you don't really need to remember the names, because the category—dry, medium dry, etc.,—is on the label. But note this. SAWFA is quite canny enough to know that British drinkers who don't really like dry drinks hate admitting the fact, so the label is, so to speak, drier than the wine. Mymering, a simple dry sherry, gets called Pale Extra Dry; Onzerust is billed as Medium Dry. If you don't get to see the label, go by the old rule: the paler the drier. Among Spanish sherries there are a few dark-coloured dry wines and at least one pale sweet one, but as far as I know the chaps at the Cape stick to the rule I mentioned.

Quick flip through table wines: KWV Steen and KWV Late Vintage are enjoyable whites resembling Moselle and hock respectively. KWV Pinotage is the sort of light, cheerful red you used to be able to get at French village shops out of the barrel, and probably still can at a couple of quid a glass. KWV, by the way, isn't a brand description but the initials of the Ko-Operatieve Wijnbouwers Vereniging. Wijnbouwers are wine-growers and a Vereniging is an association. I'll leave you to translate Ko-Operatieve for yourself. KWV is, in effect, the home base of SAWFA.

And don't forget the liqueur Van der Hum, popular here for 100 years, made from brandy and a dash of rum flavoured with the Cape tangerine. Name means roughly Joe Bloggs—they forgot who first made it. Not unlike Grand Marnier: less strong (54° compared with 67°) but over a pound cheaper.

MIDDLE TAR

As defined in H.M. Government Tables published in September 1974.

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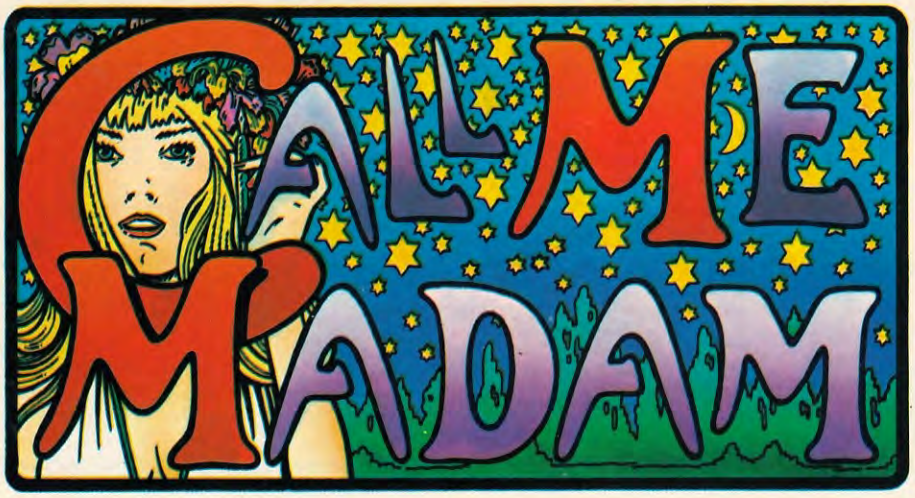

XAVIERA HOLLANDER

Xaviera Hollander, the world's most famous former call girl, answers your intimate queries and problems. All enquiries are treated in strict confidence. Write to: Xaviera Hollander, Penthouse Magazine, 2 Bramber Road, London W14 9PB. Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies or photographs etc. can be supplied to readers.

Xaviera's letter of the month

I am 53, a widow for almost 10 years, have a married daughter, and live alone. About six years ago, I decided to date a man about half my age. As a result I found a whole new life. At a pleasant bar I was confronted by many young men who really showed interest in what I had considered "an over-the-hill bag". Our common interests and desires led to dates and ultimately to weekend sexual affairs. Imagine, a woman of 50 screwing in bed with a man half her age! A man who actually came to me and wanted me! Me, a woman twice his age—old enough to be his very own mother!

This has now become a frequent situation in my life, as I now have five "steadies" who visit me regularly. They have all told me what turned them on—mainly that I'm the older, lovable type. Age, however, had nothing to do with it. It was my attitude and personality that really got to them—that is, the way I talked and acted both in public and private. One young admirer told me that he truly loves me because I "don't act like one of the modern, sexless, loud-mouth bitches" that he must continually confront in everyday society. These men all admire my choice of fashions, as it seems young men today still appreciate their women to look like women. They don't go for "army officers" or "switch-hitters (lesbians) with pants-suits outfits." Not only is the skirt in demand as feminine attire, it seems that standard hosiery is much preferred to the "modern and practical" pantyhose/body-stocking apparel. Even though a man knows he'll be having an intimate relationship with a woman later in the evening, he still wants to be turned on by visual stimulation, and this requires a fashionable skirt, a colourful sweater or blouse, and an intriguing pair of dark nylons hitched to an out-dated—banal but always stimulating—suspender belt or girdle. And even though many girls still think that the braless look is very in, my young men demand that I wear a bra. It seems that feeling the bra's material beneath my flimsy top really turns them on. Of course, the actual unhooking and removal of the bra is the ultimate *turn-on!*

Older women, use your noodles. Go after those men who really want a woman. The younger chicks today don't seem to want men; if they did, they would certainly show it. Younger guys know what they want—it is up to us older women to give them what they need.—Pam.

What more can anyone say? *This* is sexual liberation!

Can the neighbours hear us?

In order for my chick to reach an orgasm, I literally have to go like a racehorse, using every possible type of stimulation and position possible. Believe me, I've even screwed her on a stepladder. I usually have to keep this pace for a good three to six hours before she can climax. Unfortunately, I'm not always up to winning the Kentucky Derby. Sometimes I just don't feel like going crazy for hours. But when I try a short but sweet screw with her, I come quickly, and she becomes very angry about her "lack of fulfilment." We've discussed this and have come to no conclusions. Can you tell us what's the matter before I wear myself out with a broken back?

Also, while I'm out trying to win the Belmont Cup, she sounds like the St. Valentine's Day Massacre. She doesn't emit just little love grunts—this girl screams and moans bloody murder! From the sounds of things, she obviously enjoys sex like no one I've ever met. I'm growing tired of all the little comments by the neighbours and the guys across the street. Yes, she's that loud! I've asked her, and I know she's tried super-hard, but she can't seem to subdue her screams. Do you have any solutions before I accidentally suffocate her by trying to shove pillows down her throat?—S.F.

This is a very original cry for help, indeed. Why don't you buy her a good vibrator that can take over when you run out? It is nonsense for you to work yourself into a frenzy to please her. I do sympathise with a woman who has a premature ejaculator in bed—it can be quite a let down—but you don't have to sacrifice your health for her orgasm, either. Have you tried oral sex? Frequently, a woman cannot reach a proper orgasm unless her clit is well stimulated. Maybe all this pumping away is simply in vain because you're not really hitting the "man in the boat."

If she is a screamer, just be happy she is not a scratcher.

Trisexual treats

For the past ten years my wife and I have been occasional swingers, and we very much enjoy the excitement of meeting new people. Last year we were introduced to "threesome" sex when my young and beautiful wife did an impromptu strip before one of my friends and me. My wife's undulations were very stimulating and soon Jeff, my friend, and I joined her in disrobing. I found myself extremely excited by listening to and watching my wife make love with another man.

Since this experience we have had other threesomes whenever we could find young attractive men to join us. Perhaps our most exciting encounter was with a young black guy who had an extremely large penis; it was at least eight inches long. My pleasure peaked when this guy let me help him place his penis into my wife. I gently held the base of his cock as he rhythmically penetrated her. When he came I could feel his juices pouring through his cock.

My questions are: How prevalent do you think this type of behaviour is with newly married couples? Why should I receive such pleasure from watching my wife at sex? (I have no sexual interest in the men.) What

experiences have you had with threesomes?—R.J.
I have seen it all, I have done it all, and I have enough of it because I found one man whom I love 100%. I don't need all the other activities to make me happy.

I must confess, however, that sometimes I do feel that little tinge of desire to organise an orgy. But then I realise that no other man or woman can really please me more than the one man I love, so why look for it elsewhere? Why ask for trouble? The man I love is a typical one-woman man, but our sex life is imaginative and varied. Each day we grow closer towards each other, and this has been going on for over two years.

In my latest book, *Xaviera Goes Wild*, there are plenty of chapters on wild orgies and group-sex in Paris and St. Tropez, so I am obviously the last person to condemn your actions. Read the book and the rest of your questions will be answered.

Too cool

From the day that I was married, five years ago, until now, my husband has complained that my vagina is not "hot". Besides this small problem, our sex life is great. It really doesn't seem to be a big problem. We are both very satisfied, but if other women's vaginas are "hot"—according to my husband's premarital experiences—why is mine just lukewarm? What can I do? I just want to make my vagina more comfortable for him. Please help me.—Mrs Cool.
Either your husband's memory is failing him or perhaps his fantasies are overcoming his common sense. "Hot pussy" is just an expression that means "eager and ready". Yes, the body temperature does rise a little as the blood rushes to a sensitised area. Friction will also produce a small and localised rise in temperature—but hot? He must be kidding. Even the early so-called porno novels would only go so far as to describe the vagina as being "warm and moist".

If your sex life together is as great as you say it is, then maybe the problem is not your "fever" but rather his thermometer.

Quality, not quantity

I accuse you of being prejudiced! I happen to be Chinese, six feet tall, weigh 13 stone and possess an eight-inch cock.

You contradict yourself. You once said that it was not the quantity but the quality of fucking that really counts. Then, last year, you claimed that you don't get off on Oriental men because of their "smallness." Unfortunately, we have not met.—A.Y.

"don't sacrifice your health for her orgasm"

I should have made a trip to the Orient years ago!

Great big softie

I have been married for nearly seven months and have a pretty good sex life with my husband. I have noticed that when he is worked up his cock is about six inches long. When it is soft, however, it is only one and a half inches long. I have seen pictures of male nudes and those cocks appear to be from four to five inches long— soft! *This really turns me on. My question is: how come their penises are so big in a flaccid state and how big are they when erect? It must be something to see—L.F.*
Let me tell you a secret about male nudes. Most of these models are rather well hung, but many of them masturbate themselves just before the photos are taken. Since pictures of men with true hard-ons cannot be legally published, a photographer will shoot photos when the penis is less than hard but more than soft. I guess one would call it "semi-hard."

Masturbation techniques

I am a 24-year-old woman who enjoys masturbating. I would like to know some new ways to masturbate. I'm growing a little weary of my index finger.—B.E.
How about trying an electric toothbrush for a change? Several months ago, while I was brushing my teeth with a new electric toothbrush, by chance I happened to drop the brush against my vagina. The drilling of the toothbrush got me so turned on that I decided to put the backside of the brush against my clitoris. The rest followed very smoothly. Sometimes I close my eyes and hold the handle as I fantasise that I am a man masturbating his cock.

There are many different kinds of vibrators. I remember as a young girl in Holland I subconsciously masturbated against the side of the sink while I helped my mother to peel the potatoes. Only later did I recognise the strange sensation that went through my body after I had moved back and forth long enough.

As a kid I also remember how I used to reach an orgasm at school simply by squeezing my legs together very tightly. This was particularly erotic when I knew that my time was up for finishing an exam and the bell had rung.

Of course, the most common form of masturbation is performed using your own hands, but try letting your boyfriend masturbate you while you do him. The sight of this can be quite exciting for both of you. A lubricant might make matters easier and more pleasurable. Another way of masturbating is in the bathtub under the water spigot or with a handshower aimed directly at your clitoris.
Masturbation is the perfect sleeping pill.

A man for all sessions

How long must a man be involved in sexual activities before he is allowed to come and not be considered premature? If I'm balling a horny broad and she climaxes in eight minutes of hard, solid fucking, then I'm the greatest thing since ice-cream. But if some chick takes 25 minutes to come and I come first, then I stink as a bed partner. If I can satisfy one chick in eight minutes and not satisfy the other in 25 minutes, whose problem is it?—R.S.
Rather than just talking about the prevention of premature ejaculation, it is best to first discuss exactly what it is.

Ejaculation usually occurs within a short time after the penis enters the vagina. Kinsey reports that four out of five men ejaculate within less than two minutes, some of them almost immediately after penetration. Ejaculation may be early due to purely anatomical reasons: a frenum that is too short, a foreskin that is too long, fatigue, undernourishment, etcetera.

In young men with normal constitutions premature ejaculation is frequently caused by sexual overexcitement. An adolescent who is afraid of being caught while masturbating or who has relations with prostitutes who urge him to hurry may develop the habit of ejaculating too quickly.

A husband who has little desire for his wife and sees her only as a receptacle for his semen dispatches the sex

act without delay. Premature ejaculation is a serious cause of discord in marriage. Coitus that ends almost as soon as it begins is an ordeal for a sexually healthy woman.

Means for treating premature ejaculation are numerous and often effective. Psychotherapy may relieve the fears and anxieties that drive a man to finish coitus too quickly. Cutting the frenum, shortening the foreskin, prostrate massage, and diathermy are sometimes effective. Stopping the flow of urine by tightening the muscles several times during each urination helps to develop greater control of the bladder and helps ejaculation as well. Wearing a condom, applying a thick layer of lubrication, and having sexual relations a second time soon after the first ejaculation diminishes male sensitivity and helps to retard ejaculation.

I don't think there is anything for you to worry about. You obviously have a good sustaining power. Just try to concentrate on a more steady relationship with one of your eight-minute lovers.

Laid for a grade

We are roommates at university. Recently we went to our math teacher's office to discuss the possibility of adding points to our grade averages. Of course, we just expected her to list the usual extra-credit research projects. Instead, this very ladylike young woman lifted up her skirt and pointed to her crotch, saying: "I'm sure you fellows know what to do."

We were completely shocked and looked at each other in disbelief. We obeyed her orders and proceeded to bang her behind the desk. She obviously enjoyed our "research" project as much as we did, but as soon as we were out of the door, we heard her burst into tears.

Xaviera, were we wrong to have indulged with our teacher? She's the best mathematician in the school and we don't want to avoid her classes in the future because of this incident. We had heard of the old "angle of the dangle" routine before. Should we continue this practice for future benefits?—S.S. and R.D.

This is the most disgusting incident I have ever encountered. To say the least I am shocked! You should both be expelled immediately.

Heavy stuff

My wife and I are both very heavy, and my penis is quite small. It is only five inches long, and I have trouble penetrating her vagina. My penis keeps slipping out of her vagina during intercourse. Could you please tell us the best position to allow deep penetration?—R.W.

This month I have received at least one dozen letters from overweight individuals who complain about their sex lives. It seems rather obvious that people with weight problems do not enjoy sex as much as slim people do for the simple reason that too much of their fat gets in the way.

Concerning positions—try lying flat on your back so that the stomach fat rolls to both sides of the penis. The woman can then position herself right on top of the penis in a sitting position. Another position is possible if the man leans on his knees and the woman lies on her back. She then props her ass up on top of two pillows, which puts her vagina at a better angle so that he can penetrate her much easier.

Imitation of life

I just recently saw The Life and Times of Xaviera Hollander, *and I was disappointed that you were not in it. What was your opinion of this film?—M.M.*

The Life and Times of Xaviera Hollander was yet another rip-off movie to lure the public into seeing what was—I have been told—one of the worst hard-core porno flicks yet. If it had not been for the magic of my name, this film would have sunk without trace after one week. However, it grossed something like $7,000 within its first week.

I sued the people responsible for this piece of shit, and so far we're on our way to winning our case. I was fortunate enough to have a group of people, Cannon Productions, who were willing to share the legal fees with me. Cannon Productions is presently filming my first book, *The Happy Hooker,* with Lynn Redgrave in the leading role. Also, they are the producers of my own comedy film, *My Pleasure Is My Business,* in which I make my screen debut.

A penile surrogate

My problem is the size of my cock. It is just a little longer than the palm of my hand. I have received so many unfavourable comments about it that I am ashamed to meet girls. What can an undersized guy do?—P.P.

Another cock problem! Unfortunately, most of the letters I receive from guys pertain to this concern. Perhaps it will reassure you to know that many girls are afraid of big cocks.

Anyway, none of the girls I know are so physically perfect that they would make critical comments about a guy's physical attributes. If they do complain, it's probably more their problem than yours.

To help relieve your anxiety, try making love in a fairly dark room. Just be gentle and loving—let it all happen! Before and during the sex act, a woman's thoughts are not concentrated on specifics such as size.

By the way, how is your tongue? Give the girl a good orgasm with your tongue before penetration with your penis. One of the most sought after lovers in history had no penis at all, having lost it in an accident. But, oh, what a tongue!

Navel rules

A girl friend of mine has an unresponsive belly button—complete rejection to stimulation is more the case. An occasional brush across it will warrant a judo chop. Is this a defensive response?—G.E.B.

I would tend to agree with you that her unresponsive belly button is a "defensive response." It would appear that such manifestations are not confined to just the belly button. They may also prove to be lips, legs, or cunts that won't open—or ears or hair that must not be touched. Those and other hostile responses in an individual are often caused by a latent dislike for one or more of the partner's mannerisms. I would advise that you not pursue her belly button. Let her keep it.

Pussy shy

I am an 18-year-old boy who is still a virgin. Most of my friends are pro's at making love—or at least they claim to be—whereas I become extremely nervous by just being close to a pretty girl. I am a very self-conscious person with an inferiority complex. Finger-fucking is the furthest I've gone in making love to a girl. You might think that this experience would give me some self-confidence, but I later found out that the girl was a nympho. My friends say that I am afraid of pussy, but I know that to be a lie.

I have read many books which describe lovemaking step by step, but I am afraid to actually follow the directions for fear of being laughed at. As a last resort I am seriously considering giving up girls altogether and becoming the world's oldest living male virgin.

Also, I am very tall and broad-shouldered and I have a weight problem. Does my lack of weight have anything to do with my lack of sex?—R.O.

Get yourself a girl friend who is an acquaintance. Don't think of her as a prospective fuck. Don't make a pass at her! As time goes by explain to her that you will never be able to fuck her because you are intent on becoming the world's oldest virgin man. Then in a year or so write to me to say how she managed to fuck you. Figure it out for yourself.

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Penthouse Executive Editor Allan H. Mankoff (author of Mankoff's Lusty Europe, American bestseller and published in the U.K. this month by Penthouse/Mayflower Books) says Amsterdam is the wildest city in Europe . . . and proves it with 135 lusty addresses and locales.
Lord Longford was misinformed.
That he went to Copenhagen to peer, as it were, at "porn" and sexual high and low life in the course of his learned researches into their effects on humankind suggests his "erotic instinct is something questionable" (see Carl Gustav Jung. The Psychology of the Unconscious, 1943; p. 93, vol 7; or any other good psychiatrist). By the time the
© 1975

Dardi Hamburger, sex shop proprietor, models the latest (or earliest?) Dutch treat for extremely bored policeman.

good lord got there the authorities had already closed most of Copenhagen, but even at its zenith the Danish capital couldn't hold a roaming candle to Amsterdam. For in 1975, in its 700th year, Amsterdam is by far the lustiest city in Europe . . . and has been for nearly a decade.

Undeniably Holland is home to lots of puritans (though some of the most fanatic were exported to the Colonies), but for centuries this nation has also been a bastion of freedom for every sort of eccentric, not merely religious or political. Take literature, if you will. Amsterdam has always been a good place to have your dirty book published if the authorities in your own country didn't want the public to know. England's own *My Secret Life,* for example, first saw print here.

The book's putative author, Henry Spencer Ashbee, in *Index of Forbidden Books* (a bibliography of his own enormous collection of erotica which, incidentally, is held in private at public expense by the British Museum) recalls the remarks of a 19th century traveller: "Don't take an English lady to the Dutch Fairs. The chief dramatic exhibition there is a large-arsed woman who plays a sort of Female Pantaloon. She is whipped on her naked bottom by both Harlequin and Clown, on every occasion and in every attitude. A favourite notion," continues Ashbee's 19th century researcher, "is for Harlequin to take her across one of his shoulders, while the other personages spank her backside. This must be an agreeable and lady-like profession: bless her fat bum!"

In fact, not a few English females, many of them just into their teens and with certificates from Harley Street physicians (they weren't working to rule in those days) certifying them as *virgo intacta* tied round their quivering bellies, did visit Dutch fairs, never to return thanks to the flying enterprise of Dutchmen like "Klyberg", who "with his wife, was the principal importer, during the whole of the 1870s, of girls from London to the owners of houses of ill fame in Holland," according to Iwan Bloch, the early 20th century sexologist whose *Sexual Life in England* describes some of the early Dutch treats: "The most luxurious brothel in the world was that known in Amsterdam as 'The Fountain.' It consisted of a large building with restaurant, dancehall, private rooms, café and a billiard-room on the roof of the house where the most beautiful girls played billiards stark naked. At small tables round sat serious, blinking old gentlemen, comfortably smoking their long pipes, drinking their glass of grog and enjoying the remarkable spectacle." There are several modern counterparts of this spectacle in The Hague.

Serious students of history will be gratified to learn that some of the descendants of these seductive snookerettes and many of their modern counterparts are still banging balls in the *Walletjes* (from the walls that once surrounded this old quarter, not from your wallet, which you should hang on to, though the area is extremely safe)—the infamous red light canals. This is one of the few such districts that really deserves the term, for it does indeed have red lights, and green ones and blue and purple fluorescent as well, the latter particularly effective in vamping the already flashy charms of some of Europe's most fetching prostitutes. One only occasionally sees a beautiful girl here—perhaps two in nine—but considering the charm of the area, the beauty and quaintness of the canalside 16th-18th century houses (all marvellously preserved by the government), the youth, forthright sexual appeal, and linguistic abilities of the whores, and the uniformly low prices (from 20 to 45 guilders without "extras"; approximately 5.80 guilders, also called florin and thus written 5.80f, equals one pound), it's high time the Amsterdam Tourist Authority and KLM gave Holland's hardworking *snols* the same good press as diamond-cutters, ecdysiasts (many of the strippers are not Dutch anyway), genever-tasting taverns and Hans Brinker's by now extremely tarnished silver skates.

If you're in a hurry and want to see all the red light area quick as a flea's leap, go to the Amsterdam Tourist Office at Rokin 5 (66-444), get a free map of the city and a hotel room (if the very efficient and charming young ladies at the kiosk in front of the Main Station haven't already managed it), cross the nearby Dam Square (mind the hippies and flower children from all nations) and make for a little alley, Pijlsteeg, just behind the Krasnapolsky Hotel (where you might find a girl friend in the lobby). Here is the 17th century pub DE WILDE MAN where you can fortify yourself by tasting all the splendid Wijnand Fockink liqueurs and genevers in an authentic, but rather tarted up, atmosphere. (Other good tasting pubs include BOLS TAVEERNE, Rozengracht 106; ED HAMERS, Damrak 23; and DE DRIE FLESJES, Three Bottles, Gravenstraat 16.) By custom you must never touch the stuff; simply approach the brim-filled tulip shaped glasses with your hands behind your back and lean down to the ancient wooden bar.

Begin your canal tour at the south end of Oude Zijds Voorburgwal, say about 9 of a soft spring eve when the northern sun has finally faded. The simple little streetlamps reflected in the onyx mirror-like canals give barely enough light to scare off spooks (*except in Spooksteeg*) but never so much to make you feel that you're just emerging from anesthesia, as does the Orwellian fluorescence of cities like Madrid, racing technology to escape their past. Be bold. Poke up every slender alley like a goatish gynecologist. But criss-cross the sturdy tippy canal bridges too, for there's more to this area than whores and ship rakes. (Transvestites in Stoofsteeg to name a few).

A left at St Pieterspoorsteeg, for example, brings you into an alley so narrow it's nearly bridged by dimpled legs of sprawling flower girls. Pass gently over bearded boys humming kazoos, strumming Jew's harps into CAFE DE PIETER where, among old Provos (about 30), new Dolle Minas (woman's liberationists are called "Mad Minnies"), and Kabouters ("dwarf," and thus the Kabouter political party represents the little people against the Establishment) you can barter a beer or a wine for a guide. One of the first things she may demonstrate is the happy coexistence of the students, hippies and commune residents who have recently moved into the red light area to join the district's longtime residents—artisans, churchmen, at least one enlightened member of the Netherlands Tourist Authority, and . . . the *hoers.*

Left on little St Annenstraat it really begins. Picture windows with fast-draw curtains frame the cosy, tidy parlours of somewhat larger than doll-house-sized furniture. *Gezelligheid* (cosiness) is the quintessence of Dutchness and whore dens are no exception. So is the open-curtain policy; travel throughout the country and you'll see the interiors of as many *gezellig* homes as you'll see battened-up shutters in Latin lands at siesta time.

Double back St Annenstraat to O.Z. Voorburgwal. Now a left into Begijnensteeg, five feet narrow. Six crotch-level (yours) windows here. In the harsh phosphorescent and fluorescent front lighting crocheted white micro-skirts, theatrically made-up bosoms and shapely legs glow a weird deep purple. Black pubic hair shines with a wicked iridescence. These girls can't possibly be as exciting to bed as to watch.

Still, you stare and wonder . . . like considering an affair with an android or a half-undressed mannequin in a chic lingerie shop. Price, 30-40f, which, of course, includes the room for a short time, but sweet enough if one is in a hurry. Browsing and bantering with the whores, most of whom seem incredibly good-humoured considering they're on display like zoo animals, seems by far the better deal for the amazed, bewildered, bemused, or simply horny visitors who include businessmen, hippies, arm-in-arm lovers and the inevitable packs of hungry sailors. The majority of the sightseers keep to the well-known main arteries—the picturesque canals. Comparatively few venture into the little side alleys where contact with the whores is very close indeed, whether one is buying or browsing.

Don't miss Trompetterssteeg, the city's narrowest street—barely a yard wide. Proceed past many whore parlours in this maze of dark alleys into the T-shaped cul-de-sac. St Annendwarsstraat. At no. 3, ADAM EN EVA SEX SHOP may be one of the most hidden sex shops in town but, surrounded as it is by a dozen or more whore shops none is busier.

There are sex-contact magazines and there are *Dutch* sex-contact magazines. According to Hans Baiij, chief editor of *Sextant*, the official publication of the Netherlands League for Sexual Reform, sex-contact magazines have increased their publication by 1000% in the past three years and now sell approximately three quarters of a million copies a month. That's in a country of no more than 13 million people. And when, Lord Longford, did you hear of massive outbreaks of violence, murder, rape, etc., in the Netherlands?*

Without a tedious description of sex magazines, one can say that Holland offers pornography every bit as strong as may be found anywhere in the world. One wonders why all the fuss about Copenhagen. (But as you surely have as little desire to break the law as I have to advise you to do so one presumes that any hard porn you purchase is intended for consumption abroad or for donation to the already considerable private collections of Her Majesty's customs people, some of which must surely rival those of the British Museum and the Vatican.) Moreover, the authorities, being Dutch themselves, are exceptionally lenient about what may be displayed in the windows. They display more in the show windows outside than Soho and Paddington shops have inside.

Like most Dutch shops, Adam en Eva is bright and cheery and browsers are made to feel as welcome as buyers. Unlike in most British shops, the Dutch owner is usually on the premises. Adam en Eva founder, "Dardi Hamburger," 30, merry and resembling a pudgy Ringo Starr, tosses what resembles a huge pink sausage to a visiting police official. On closer inspection the thing proves to be made of soft rubber and vinyl plastic, has a puce silk bow, a pink rubber passage whose entrance is fringed by soft black cat fur, and is large enough to accommodate a man's erect penis. The beauty of the thing is that it is completely washable; after one has interfered with it (f95) one simply tosses it into the laundromat. Now Dardi straps on its male counterpart (f52; hard rubber but not so hard that fluid cannot be spurted out of the tip) and poses for a photograph. The policeman laughs.

Adam en Eva is so close to the famous NH Oude Kerk that in late afternoon one can hear the shouts of its sexton and his young son sparring with a football. Sometimes they accidentally kick it into the parlour of the beauty nearby, one of many sex dens that virtually surround the church. "How long have they been around here?"

"The girls were here before the church,"

Striptoe in the tulips at the Blow Up Massage House.

replies the sexton of the church that has been in Oudekerksplein since before 1300. (The tombstone of Rembrandt's wife, Saskia, was found here recently.)

In Enge Kerksteeg at CAFE MAZZEL TOF you get lucky and meet a customer who controls a lot of neighbourhood real estate. He also has a large country house where several whores and their children live. He says most of the girls are from the provinces and on days of a big football match involving teams from their home towns, they take a holiday to avoid meeting someone who might gossip. Most leave the canals by age 30; many marry, settle to comfortable bourgeois lives. None actually lives around here. They pay 50-70 guilders daily rent, some paying less and giving the landlord a cut on each trick. There are three work shifts, roughly as follows: 10am-6pm; 6pm-2am; 2am to midmorning.

"A girl may not sit in the canals if she is under 21 but she can do it even as young as 15, as long as she is married," declares one of the officials in the Warmoesstraat (48) Police Station. Metal filing cabinets contain records and pictures of nearly every neighbourhood working girl, largely for income tax purposes. Though it's not absolutely required by law—this would mean the government absolutely sanctions prostitution—the girls do visit a very busy neighbourhood physician for regular medical inspection . . . or he calls on them.

Little Lange Niezel is short but packed with interest. If you like loose amateurs, give your regards to the BROADWAY BAR. Looks very hot. Next door the PLAYGIRL SEX SHOP has for years filled its windows with the cards of dominant males calling submissive ones to The Hague. The beauty salon across the street is much in fashion among ladies of the neighbourhood. DERNIER CRI (Lange Niezel 23) displays see-through knickers with apertures at the crotch; important to men who like that sort of thing. Even more important to the canal whores, almost none of whom remove all their clothing—such of it as there is—for the stated "short-time" price unless one has bargained hard *before* the fact. Otherwise there is a "tax" of f10-15 for complete nudity. It's not that the whores are bashful or even mean. Snapping off a garter belt or brassiere takes time and only money buys time on the canals.

At picturesque Molensteeg Bridge try for a snapshot and quick as you can say *pooier* (pimp) strong hands fling you up over the railing to follow a long line of documentary filmmakers and still photographers. It's cold in the canals.

Be careful around here. The police often look the other way when the "protectors" are out protecting. And they are protecting everywhere—from Bloedstraat (literally "Blood Street," with its alley Gordsteeg, several little windows, about f30) to Spooksteeg (Street of Ghosts) to Boomsteeg. Pimps are called *bikken* and when these men aren't "eating from the girls," they hang around cafés and bars near the Nieuwmarkt.

At this point we'd best leave our lord of porn at the celebrated Our Lord in the Attic Church (O.Z. Voorburgwal 40) and proceed round the corner to the most outrageously erotic and blatantly advertised live sex show in Europe. When, in 1972, CASA ROSSO (O.Z. Achterburgwal 98) switched on its colourful blazing neon promising a "real live fucking show," they were not just mucking about. Fifty guilders admits one to the opulent downstairs bar (all drinks f2.50) where informal nude shows are presented in such close proximity to the patrons the acts fall just short of total audience participation—from 4 pm-2 am. Another f50 for the really heavy stuff—sexual intercourse and group sex with all permutations—in the top-floor 75 seat sex theatre. The performers are young, beautiful and inventive and their liaisons are imaginatively choreographed. Sophisticated lighting techniques and moody classical music too. If you prefer something more tranquil, Casa Rosso will present a card for THE GOLDEN KEY CLUB (conveniently just next door at O.Z. Achterburgwal 96). Here one finds a tiny stage surrounded by luxurious settees, bedrooms should one suffer fatigue; ceiling

*The last time, in fact, was at the instigation of a man who said the following: "Today the whole of our public life may be compared to a hot-house for the forced growth of sexual notions and incitements.

"A glance at the bill-of-fare provided by our cinemas, playhouses and theatres suffices to prove that this is not the right food, especially for young people. Hoardings and advertisement kiosks combine to attract the public in the most vulgar manner. . . . This seductive and sensuous atmosphere puts notions into the heads of our youth which at their age ought still to be unknown to them. . . . If for reasons of indolence or cowardice, this fight is not fought to a finish, little of God's image will be left in human nature, except to mock the Creator."—Adolph Hitler, *Mein Kampf*. But then, Richard M. Nixon has said much the same, and more, many times over.

mirrors for narcissists; massive bubble baths should one need to wash.

Nor is this the only game in town. A few steps away at O.Z. Achterburgwal 92, MONTE CARLO'S marquee promises "Real Fucky Fucky Live Show." And delivers. And so does the elaborate CLUB NUMBER 1 a few more paces down O.Z. Achterburgwal at 106/108. More of the same at CLUB 1001 (Nieuwendijk 106), BAYADERA (Westeinde 18) and WORLD CLUB C.D. (Apollolaan 76).

Still in the red light canal district, get out your map and find Binnen Bantammerstraat and the best Chinese restaurants in town. But if and only if you are Chinese will you be admitted past the bedsheets hung from second storey doors. The Chinese came to Holland from England in the 1920s, scores already stupefied because somehow the economy of 19th century England (and the construction of so many of those simply marvellous Belgravia mansions) required that the Indians harvest opium and the Chinese consume it. Most of the old addicts have died off—God Save the Queen!—but for those poor devils who remain, the police tolerate a couple of opium parlours. Once, in Binnen Bantammrestraat, there were a score or more. While you're in the neighbourhood go to BOHEMIA JAZZCLUB, Kromboomssloot 14, one of the best and most inconspicuous jazz bars in Europe, and a very good place to find yourself a girlfriend.

If you'd rather genever than jazz or opium, get into the Zeedijk (though you may find all three along here), the rowdy but rarely dangerous sailor's midway. There's some *tippelem* (streetwalking) and f35-45 whores on the steps, corner Stormsteeg, but the most characteristic distractions of joints like JOKE'S PLACE, ZANZI BAR, CAFE HAPPINESS and HOTEL OLOF are "good-time" girls and friendly, forthright amateurs.

Some of the Sadie Thompsons in the streets take much longer to take much more from the sailors than common whores. In the fashion of their sisters in Rotterdam's Katendrecht district, some Zeedijk sweethearts (and perhaps even more of them in cafés in the Nieuwendijk) have been known to remove £1000 and more from a sailor (or offshore oil rigger) just off six months at sea "helping him buy presents for his family." But one can have a good time on the Zeedijk without being had. CASABLANCA, a very hard-rock disco bar, may be the hottest house around. Amazing variety of pickups, but lots of competition. With soul.

At 5 pm (hour of the bubbles), walk into CAFE ZEE-EN-RIJNVAART (Zeedijk 4), blow on your cupped hands, and grunt "*Guten Abend.*" They'll think you're just another old Rhenish bargemaster. Huge 1820s porcelain beer pump. Billiard table. Marvellous old brass genever pump. Drink the *jonge* genever. The older the yellower, and some genever is over 50 years old. Traditionally, when you ask for old, it means young with a dash of old, Straight *oude* will grow hair on your liver, perhaps require a lamb chop transplant. At the far end of the Zeedijk, candlelit CHAT QUI PELOTE (No. 16; reservations 22-03-63) has good French cuisine, medium prices (four course menu from f27.50), a romantic situation right down on the canal, splendid views of the neighbourhood's antics and brothels. Come at sundown when the gulls fly by.

Turn off the Zeedijk into Nieuwebrugsteeg as I did several years ago, following the crew of H.M.S. *Blackwood,* that night a very tight ship indeed, into OLD NICKEL CAFE and hotel. So smashed was a *Blackwood* mate that he "married" the barmaid in a wild beer-drenched ceremony officiated by a waiter named Kees who wore full parson's habit and provided six pretty waitresses from nearby KOOPERMOOLEN (cabaret theatre, restaurant) as flower girls. If you enjoy the Scottish Navy, English girls and BEA stewardesses, Old Nickle is absolutely not to be missed.

Maybe you prefer old leather. Proceed then to nearby Warmoesstraat 20, where, in the f15 rooms of the Argos Hotel you can finish what you started in the ARGOS BAR (a short walk away at Heintje Hoekssteeg 15, no more than a slave's scream from the police station). "Yes, it's a leather bar, the Argos Bar," according to Cher, the bartender. And according to the attire of the patrons. And the walls. "We had a lot of equipment behind the bar we lend formerly. But these people, they never give it back," growls Cher, the bartender of Argos Bar, the leather bar.

Freek Post with electric pricks.

They have equipment at TOTAL SEX, Nieuwendijk 14, a street of even gamier and far less-touristed bars than those of the Zeedijk. In fact you are now approaching an area (left of the Dam Square facing north) less well known for vended venery than the Zeedijk and its adjacent red-light canals (right of the Dam Square facing north), but actually light-years more pregnant with specialised opportunities than any area yet discussed. Total Sex is a sadomasochistic boutique. They sell handcuffs that would hold King Kong (f45), vicious *sjambok*-style (Boer influence whips) (f20-60), frightening avenger face masks (f125). There are "ball-binders"—a lavender leather testicle pouch with choice of silver or gold padlock; and "busters"—a penis strap with silvery spikes, to be worn ornamentally, spikes out, or spikes on skin, in which instance one would doubtlessly require the (optional) leather scrotum-restraining sack to insure that one's sexual intercourse would be all the more trying and therefore more "pleasurable" . . . and a saleswoman who thinks it's all "pop art."

It's not pop art to the husky old whore-horses of Oude Nieuwstraat and Teerketelsteeg. Stolid and solid, they sit like windmill bases in the long narrow ribbon between the lower Singel and Spuistraat. Housefly eyes peripherally ferret your aberrational tapeworm in the convex lorrydriver mirrors that extend from weathered window ledges, plot to feed it paces before you pass their frumpy parlours. Twenty guilders puts a tiny, tremulous peter 'tween those Brobdingnagian thighs. Fifteen gets it sucked by gums that last held teeth when Zog kinged Albania. And for f45 they'll beat the living hell out of you. Or lock you up in a dark closet .Or force you to do terrible things with excrement and Edam cheeses. Several of these old red hands (some, as you've guessed, are refugees from the canals) have houses of gear dear to the *stoutertje* ("naughty boy"; also "masochist"). Even the comparatively attractive young girls standing in the street, in doorways and at the old church, at the corner of Teerketelsteeg and K. Korsjespoortsteeg, can easily rent or borrow, though not necessarily effectively wield, a whip at extremely short notice. But perhaps one hated one's grandmother. Around the corner two fat old frights flank the flatboats floating in the Singel canal. Flail away, f50 the pair. Or watch them "do bad" to each other.

If one seeks further insights into Dutch S/M the AMSTERDAM SAMAS S/M SOCIETY (38-73-44) meets Tuesdays from 8 pm and Fridays from 9 pm—films, lectures and contacts. And SAUNA OVERTOOM (Overtoom 558; 16-03-14) offers extensive facilities, not to mention an assortment of attractive and skilled hostesses. (Ditto EROS HOUSE; Hemsterhuisstraat 210, The Hague; 070-39-43-22).

Even many Amsterdammers aren't aware that between the Singel and Herengracht canals, in the vicinity of tiny Korsjespoortsteeg, there are several gaudy *snol* shops housing some of the youngest, brassiest whores in town. Tiny Bergstraat is also active; if two of the houses are not brothels they at least resemble dormitories of teenage nymphomaniacs—not so eager they don't ask f30-35. Some street action as well. And nearby at Blauwburgwal 7-9 the NVSH (NATIONAL LEAGUE FOR SEX REFORM) purveys condoms, shows films and holds dances and discussions.

Cross the Haarlemmerstraat bridge at the bottom of the Singel into Jordaan, roughly equivalent to Rome's Trastevere, Stockholm's Södermalm, London's East End, or pre-1945 Brooklyn. Since the 17th century the area has had the smell of leather about it, though this largely emanated from Jordaan's tanneries, not its veneries. If by now you require some peace and quiet, avoid CAFE NOL, Westerstraat 109. No whores, just good solid Jordaanese at their boisterous, practical joking best. Instead make for DE PRINS, Prisengracht 124, where quiet, sober Dutchmen get phlegmatically drunk for bed while an accordian wheezes an ancient jig. And in a back corner, deep in lonely contemplation, the distinguished inventor of the electronic penis puffs on his white clay pipe.

"Did he say something like 'Eureka! I've found it,' or 'Watson come here, I want you,' when he first discovered the principle?" one wonders out loud.

"No, he is really a very quiet serious man,"

replies his nephew Charlie, who has agreed to act as interpreter for the inventor, a shy dimpled middle-aged gentleman who, *unlike most Dutch,* speaks no English.

"What inspired him to do it, nephew?"

"A man coming to this sex shop of ours says if the wife buys this thing (a phallic-shaped vibrator of the type sold throughout the western world) she don't need him at all."

Faced with this vibrant problem and determined to bring the husband back into The Act, the inventor evolved, from the simple massager, that machine all Holland now knows as "The Electronic Penis." It is little more than a heavy rubber condom, two wires connecting the tiny motor in the weighted tip extension to a rheostat powered by two 1.5 volt flashlight batteries (not nearly enough voltage to risk shock). If it has not exactly electrified the world it has at least done so for the penis.

Not only does the inventor invite enquiries from foreign dealers—the Electronic Penis retails here for about f75 and wholesales for about half that—but any traveller who appreciates real Dutch craftsmanship, wants to see the original working model before it is enshrined in the Rijksmuseum, and is bored silly with diamond-cutting-plant tours, can arrange for a visit at Haarlemmerdijk 78 (23-48-03). As you have undoubtedly already guessed, the inventor's name is *Freek Post.*

That Post's freaky post has encountered some sales resistance in Holland is not surprising considering the traditional Dutch resistance to "self-improvement." The beauty salon, for example, is still by no means as normal as the dentist in many parts of the country, particularly among Calvinists in the north; many beauty shops are "closed" houses—no exterior sign, ex-directory phone, far more difficult to locate than brothels. (If Mr. Post is on holiday, not to worry. Ease your frustrations at SAUNA ATLANTIC where you can flounder around just for the halibut for 50 guilders, or try some deep sea fishing for f75-100; Haarlemmerstraat 60; 62-361). Similarly, the Dutch can't stand psychiatrists. If you're seeing one it's simply not done to tell anyone about it; they might think you're crazy. It's considered far more sensible to indulge your fantasies than to pay some stranger to listen to you talk about them.

Let's continue our Jordaan stroll . . . to INTERNATIONAL CALLGIRL-CALLBOY. Jan Bik, the managing director, is a black bearded, benevolent looking Mephistopheles with a passion, a mission and a shrewd Dutch head. "First we will try to change people's minds about sex, second about commercial sex in a commercial society—just till that point where we accept the people who do any erotic act for the daily bread, like any other human being doing any other job for a living."

Jan Bik indicates the large-scale map of Holland dotted with 1095 pushpins, each representing one of his "housewife whores" (the terminology is overly harsh, but accurate, except insofar as he numbers some 122 male whores in his cuntglomerate). Many of the women are married—"the husband has to know or I don't accept a woman in my system"—some are divorced, not a few are students, secretaries, mothers, air hostesses, models, schoolteachers, etc., who, but for Bik, couldn't afford that second car or new washer. Ages range from 17 to 45, but mostly 25-35. Surprisingly few have ever traded sex/love for money before (except with their spouses), and all receive lovers "on a commercial erotic basis" in their own homes or apartments (except those who work in one of Jan's three brothels); often while the husband enjoys the brand-new colour TV in the sitting room.

They don't come cheap. (Jan charges 50 to 100 guilders for each new introduction; the women charge a further 50 to 150 guilders depending upon the client's needs . . . and these can range from missionary sexual intercourse to S or M to the vaunted double Dutch guilder gainer. Jan also offers such exotics as medically inspected virgins, from £1000—"but you might marry her"—to Chinese Jewesses—orientives?) But they do come and that the client will is nearly guaranteed:

"My people," says Jan, "the males as well as the females, are trying to make you believe that they *love* you, not simply to deliver more sex. Of course a man cannot fake the orgasm and the erection. Either he has it or the woman knows he doesn't. In this business, as in life, a man can never be absolutely sure of a woman. But a woman can always be sure of a man . . ."

Selections are made from albums of colour photos or by appointment. Clients are entitled to at least an hour, probably two, often with dinner. And perhaps breakfast and a lower fee next time. Few of the females have paying clients more than once a week, many no more than once a month. "With many of these girls it is really a hobby."

It's no hobby for Jan. Though most of his charges live in and around Amsterdam, his wall map has pushpins all over it, with clusters in Utrecht, Rotterdam, The Hague and Arnhem. Many of his clients, *and his personnel,* are acquired through advertising in sex magazines like *Candy* (the best), sex newspapers like *Boulevard* and in the classifieds, under *"Diversen"* of the newspaper *De Telegraaf* which is to Holland what *The Times* is to Britain.

"And don't forget," adds deheer Bik, "every first Saturday of the month we have a group sex party here in the Haarlemmerdijk house. Couples only, but we can supply partners. On a commercial and erotic basis. Bring 50 guilders and an open mind and we will do the rest."

N.B. Bring a Hoover as well. And if Bik doesn't clean up this and his Schippersstraat premises, try another.

Group sex is groping in Holland but swapping is whopping. Not everybody is doing it, but a lot of people are trying. You won't find such elaborate surroundings as at Southern California's ranches, swings, or treehouses, but the Dutch meeting places are commendable for their easy accessiblity (*to singles as well as couples*), lack of psychological ritual, low cost, and sensible if not opulent facilities.

Take the best intentions of Parisians, add a dimly lit dance floor surrounded by padded alcoves accommodating up to 40 couples and the phlegmatic but determined Dutch sexual spirit, and you have some idea of CANDY CLUB Discotheque (Eikenweg 29; 94-73-79). Candy's motto is "Everything is allowed, but nothing has to be." Contrary to New York's and London's timid rendezvous (bars in the former, certain saunas in the latter—see last month's Penthouse) *all* the action takes place on premise. But it's an extremely liberated scene and a couple can dance their knickers off, or simply watch from the bar. Action from 9 pm-5 am, but no one really warms up until after midnight. Couples only Friday and Saturday nights; singles on Wednesday evenings. Yearly membership is f50, entrance fee f15, and no drink is more than f5. Average age 30-35 with a sprinkling of flaming youth and excited senior citizens. Well-run family operation, ask for Johann—but don't molest his wife Corrie or their pretty daughter Chris. About 75 like-minded couples per session. Tell 'em I sent you.

Wall hooks.

Before Candy Club, Holland's most famous club of its genre was "TSCHOFT in the village of Halfweg, a 10 kilometer, 10-15 guilder taxi ride from central Amsterdam. Singles welcome during the week (partners available), and couples. Couples only Saturday nights. Often a live show with audience participation.

As a visitor to Holland you are in an enviable position. The Dutch have no xenophobia; instead they have xenophilia. It has always been an advantage in Holland not to be Dutch. People are as tolerant of foreigners' eccentricities as of their own, which does not necessarily imply approval. Not accidentally, Holland has become a haven for the disgruntled youth of the West. "Show weakness in Holland and you will

CONTINUED ON PAGE 116

The Scottish Navy stages mock wedding at the Old Nickle Hotel.

FAMOUS PETS

AN ANNIVERSARY REVIEW OF THREE FAMOUS PENTHOUSE PETS

STEPHANIE McLEAN

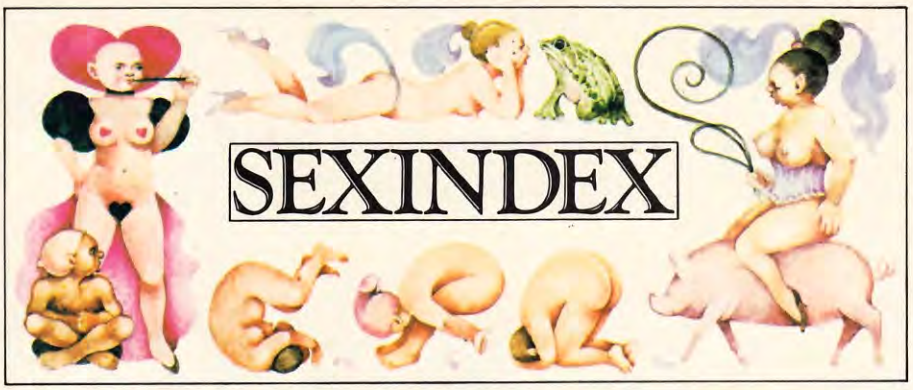
Stephanie McLean first appeared in Penthouse five years ago, worked as a Pet both in the Penthouse Club and on promotion in the United States and was voted Pet of the Year on both sides of the Atlantic. Since then Stephanie has become a top model and her face can be seen on many advertisements in magazines and on television. But she prefers her family and home life at heart and has turned down many film offers to this end.

FRANCOISE PASCAL

A face seen on many a cinema screen in the past as well as on one of the memorable Penthouse Pet of the Month posters is that of Francoise Pascal, whose exceptional 37-24-36 curves made the centre pages five years ago. How far the talents of this French-raised Miss of Jewish parentage would have taken her will never be known for—by her own decision—Francoise interrupted her fledgling film career to involve herself in the Middle East hostilities.

VIVIENNE LONG

Seven years ago when long black boots were said to be "kinky", miniskirts were rapidly diminishing in length and before the days when a glimpse of pubic hair was thought a thing of beauty and not something rather naughty, Penthouse published these pictures of a girl who chose to be named Vivienne Long. We'll leave you to guess at her surname, but suffice to say that Vivienne went on to become a top model and raised many an eyebrow amongst gentlemen's clubs when she appeared nude in an advertisement in *The Times*.



AN ENCYCLOPAEDIA OF EROTIC ENLIGHTENMENT

Sanger, Margaret (1883-1966): American pioneer of the birth control movement (a term which she coined). Working as a nurse in the New York slums, she was so shocked by the number of deaths caused by pregnancy and illegal abortions that she decided to propagandise for contraception. But under the Comstock (*q.v.*) Law, she was liable to prosecution for obscenity every time she tried to publish contraceptive information, and in 1914, charged with founding the National Birth Control League, she left the U.S. to visit birth control clinics in Holland. She returned in 1916, on Comstock's death, and set up the first American birth control clinic but was immediately prosecuted and imprisoned. However, she gradually won acceptance for her views and in 1927 organised the first World Population Conference in Geneva, later founded the American Birth Control League and in 1952 was elected first President of the International Planned Parenthood Federation.

sanitary towels: Absorbent pads worn by women during their periods to contain the menstrual flow. They were first marketed in the late 19th century, though current prudishness made them hard to advertise. One 1888 advertisement, on the cover of the *Antiquary* magazine (of all places!) describes the towels as "Articles of Underclothing. Indispensable to Ladies Travelling. Sold at Cost of Washing Only! To burn when done with." Non-travelling ladies, apparently, still made do with linen napkins which had to be washed every time. Indeed, disposable sanitary towels were considered a luxury right up to the second World War, and are still almost unobtainable in Russia and some parts of Europe today. In England and the U.S., sanitary towels have largely been superseded by tampons (*q.v.*).

Sappho (7th century B.C.): Greek poetess born on the island of Lesbos of aristocratic parents. In appearance she was small and dark—the opposite of the Greek ideal. Though it is not true, as sometimes maintained, that she ran a "finishing-school", she was the leader of an influential set of young girls of good family. From the few fragments of her poetry which survive, and even more from the accounts of Greek and Roman writers who would have known all her work, it is evident that she was homosexual. She loved a girl called Atthis who eventually left her to get married, and this might have been the occasion for Sappho's best-known lyric:
"Him I hold happy as a god in heaven
Who can sit and gaze on your face before him,
Who can sit and hear from your lips that sweetest
Music they utter."
Another fragment is addressed to a girl called Gongyla:
"Return, I implore thee, Gongyla, clad in thy milk-white tunic. Ah, what intense desire attends thy beauteous form! No woman could but tremble at its seduction." Ovid, who knew all her poems, said that they were the most sensual ever written and that they comprised a unique course of instruction in female homosexuality. As early as the fifth century B.C. the word Lesbian was synonymous with female homosexuality, and this may have been partly as a result of Sappho's influence on her native island.

Saturnalia: Ancient Roman festival held in mid-December supposedly to commemorate the mores of the Age of Saturn—Rome's legendary Golden Age. It was characterised by feasting, merry-making and sexual licence, but its main feature was role reversal: men dressed as women, women as men and, most importantly, slaves changed places with their masters, dressed as patricians and were waited on at table. Before the festival began, a King of the Saturnalia was elected who, during his brief reign, could issue orders and sleep with whomever he chose. In the most primitive version of the festival, this King was afterwards killed. An early Christian manuscript narrative of the Martyrdom of St. Dasius tells how in 303 A.D. the Roman soldiers stationed on the Danube elected a Christian convert, Dasius, as their King Saturn. For 30 days he could do as he wished but at the end of that time he must slit his own throat on the altar of Saturn. Dasius refused to join in the debauchery or impersonate a heathen god and he was beheaded by his commanding officer. Later survivals of the Saturnalia include the medieval Feast of Fools, with its Lord of Misrule; the Renaissance *Carne Vale* or "farewell to meat" before Lent; and the still-practised German *Fasching*, a pre-Lenten feast in which men and women change clothes.

satyriasis: "Excessive" sexual desire in men—but who can define excessive? Casanova, Frank Harris, Walter, Maupassant could all be said to have had satyriasis, in that they wanted sex far more often than the average person, but they hardly seem to have suffered from it. True satyriasis means that the victim's sexual desire becomes inconvenient and intolerable to him. Albert de Salvo, who confessed to being the "Boston Strangler", was probably of this type: his wife complained that he made insatiable sexual demands on her, wanting intercourse several times every day. Unfortunately, after the birth of a malformed child, she became so terrified of pregnancy that she refused to have sex at all, and it was at this point that de Salvo began visiting the apartments of lonely, single women and raping them. Often he masturbated immediately after the act of rape. In his psychiatric examination, he confessed to feeling "in bondage to an abnormal lust". Krafft-Ebing cites the case of a 45-year-old engineer named Clemens who was arrested for trying to rape a 70-year-old woman. Clemens confessed that he had always suffered from an abnormally high sex drive and for the last few months he had been unable to satisfy it because he was staying away from his wife on business. Suddenly the desire became overpowering and he jumped on a train to go home to his wife. Once on the train, however, he found he couldn't hold out and so he left the train at a village station and set off in search of the dog-pound, intending to have coitus with a bitch (apparently he had done this before). When he saw the old woman he decided to rape her instead, and so he was arrested. One can't help feeling that Clemens could have saved himself a lot of trouble by simply masturbating, and that would seem to be the obvious cure for most cases of satyriasis. A modern alternative is treatment with stilboestrol (a female hormone) but it is a desperate remedy since it can cause irreversible damage to the testicles.

scabies: Skin infection caused by a type of mite. The usual symptom is intense itching, especially around the armpits, nipples, penis, buttocks, feet and wrists, and between the fingers. It is transmitted by close body contact, generally sexual intercourse, and is therefore sometimes included in the category of venereal diseases. Medical treatment is advised.

Schroeder-Devrient, Wilhelmine (1804-60): German singer, friend of Beethoven, and Wagner's "tragic muse". Her most famous roles included Leonore in *Fidelio* and Venus in *Tannhauser*. After her death, the alleged secrets of her sexual life were published in *Galante Abenteuer* in 1862 and the two parts of *Aus den Memoiren einer Sangerin* in 1868 and 1875. The *Memoiren* became the most notorious German erotic work of the 19th century. The authoress, allegedly Wilhelmine Schroeder-Devrient herself, describes how music and masturbation became her two adolescent passions, the latter practised with an older girl, Marguerite. Having seduced her accompanist, she participates in three-sided copulation with him and the other girl, soon becoming an artist in fellatio and cunnilingus. She is by instinct a lesbian and, after reading De Sade, also develops a passion for witnessing floggings and executions. With another woman, she bribes a gaoler who allows them to watch the punishment of a masochistic girl. The girl is then seduced by the two women. The heroine soon leaves Germany for France but she finds the Parisian habit of violating corpses too much even for her tastes. There is no reason to suppose the novel accurately reflects the private life of the singer. It is more probably part of the scurrilous literature produced by the enemies of Wagner's music.

One of the milder front covers of Screw magazine. The fun starts when you turn the first page.

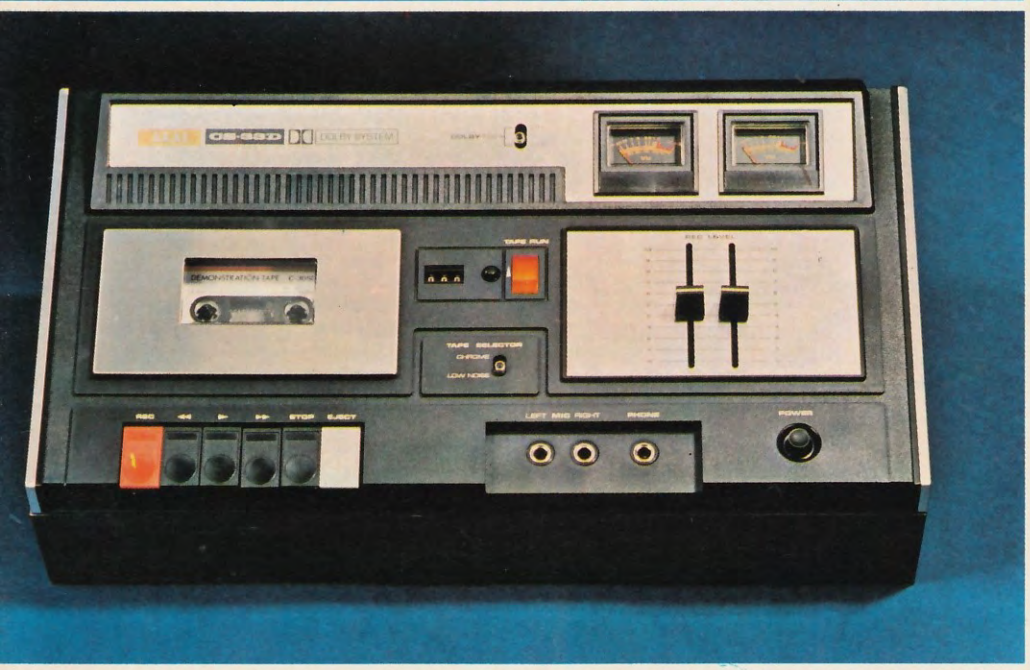
Screw: American sex newspaper, founded 1968 and published weekly by Milky Way Productions. It was the first underground paper to use hard-core close-up full-frontal photographs and it usually averages at least one penis or pussy per page, but the emphasis is on uninhibited fun-sex rather than the usual porn-perversions like sadomasochism and fetishism. It runs articles like *Diary of a Dirty Broad* and *Filth of Our Forefathers* and *Ten Famous Pussies and How They Taste*—Jackie Kennedy is rated like "diet champagne and lo-cal caviar", Golda Meir "like a slumgullion of everything on the menu at Ratner's" and Pope Paul (!) "a not unpalatable combination of pizza, zucchini, and Chef Boy-R-Dee ravioli with just a hint of Chianti and holy water". The *Baubles and Balls* classified ads section caters to all tastes: "Tall Caucasian male, nicely built, 200 lbs., seeking female who wants to be teased and pleased with hot tongue and talented tool. Write to Marvin, Box 34." or "Genuine 13½ inch cock photo. All-time biggest prick." or "Amyl nitrite! Snappers, Poppers, Amys. Make your own! Complete easy to follow instructions and details only $10 cash." or "Husky white master, age 30, seeks young submissive male slaves ages 18 to 23. Write Charlie, Box 176." or "Wanted: Female to become pregnant. Must be under 25, Caucasian, intelligent and pretty. $10,000 fee & income, plus expenses, etc. etc." Though *Screw's* editor Al Goldstein is far too witty to indulge in pompous philosophizing, the implicit aim of the newspaper is to raise the standard of American erotica and combat "the whole negative connotation that sexuality has in the United States".

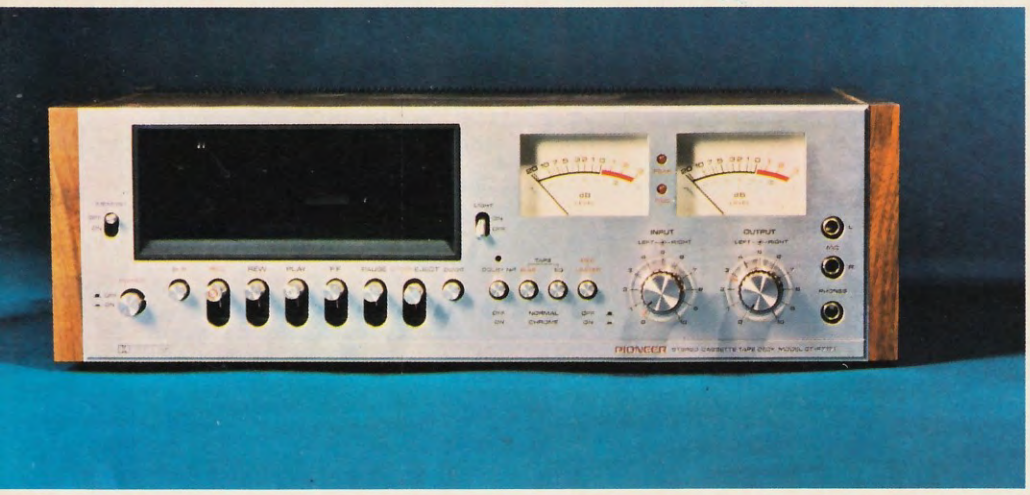
scrotum: Part of the male external genitals: a pouch of darkish hairy skin hanging behind the penis and containing the testes. The scrotum is controlled by muscles which pull it upwards towards the body during sexual excitement or in cold weather—at other times it hangs low and pear-shaped. The purpose of this variation is to maintain the testes at a steady temperature because sperm production ceases when the testes are too warm. Some doctors think that tight underpants which force the scrotum up against the body may have a harmful effect on fertility, but this has not been proved.

Sedley, Sir Charles (1639-1701): English Restoration courtier, poet and debauchee. King Charles II said of him that "Nature had given him a patent to be Apollo's viceroy." He married a Roman Catholic girl, but unfortunately she went insane, insisting on being addressed as "Your Majesty". Sedley himself soon started getting into trouble. Some time in 1663 he and some fellow-rakes were involved in a particularly scandalous incident. Dr. Johnson reports that they "got drunk at the Cock in Bow Street, by Covent Garden, and going into the balcony exposed themselves to the populace in very indecent postures. At last, as they grew warmer, Sedley stood forth naked, and harangued the populace in such profane language that the publick indignation was awakened." According to other reports, he also pee-ed on the crowd below. For this, he was fined about £500. Five years later he was in trouble again, this time with a friend called Buckhurst. According to Pepys they were "running up and down all the night with their arses bare, through the streets." Pepys also records a row between Sedley and the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was a notorious wencher. Sedley stole one of the Archbishop's girls; the Archbishop sent round a pompous message asking for her back; Sedley replied: "A pox take his Grace! Pray tell his Grace that I believe he finds himself too old, and is afraid that I should outdo him among his girls, and spoil his trade." In 1680 Sedley was concussed by a collapsing tennis court and this apparently changed his personality: in his later years he turned to religious mania and even drafted a bill to "prevent debauchery and profaneness".

Sellon, Edward (c. 1820-68): English pornographer, author of an erotic autobiography *The Ups and Downs of Life* (1867), a homosexual story *The Adventures of a Schoolboy or the Freaks of Youthful Passion*, and a flagellation epic *The New Ladies' Tickler, or The Adventures of Lady Lovesport and the Audacious Harry*. The latter is considered a porn classic. It tells of Lady Lovesport's wicked affaires and her upbringing of her niece Emily. In one scene, Emily watches through a keyhole while her aunt flogs a girl called Maria and her aunt's lover, Mr Everard, looks on: "No sooner had he taken his place than my aunt began to apply the rod to the exquisite posteriors which were thus presented to her in such an inviting position for the birch. She was not very severe at first, and Maria lay pretty still, though her shrinking, quivering flesh showed that she felt keenly the stinging touches. As the charming buttocks began to be reddened by this exhilarating exercise, my aunt seemed to get excited and heated with her work, and plied the rod more sharply and vigorously." Eventually Mr Everard chips in and performs cunnilingus on Lady Lovesport while she continues flogging the unfortunate girl. In the next scene, Emily is deflowered by "the audacious Harry" while Lady Lovesport and Mr Everard whip the young man.

Little is known of Sellon's life but he was clearly an eccentric. He served in the Indian Army for several years and became a Hindu scholar but when he returned to England he made his living by teaching fencing, writing pornography and driving the mailcoach between London and Cambridge under an assumed name. His motto for life was "Vivat Lingam, Non Resurgam" (Long live erection, there will be no resurrection) and at the age of 48 he shot his brains out in a London hotel.





Four of the best stereo cassette decks, clockwise from bottom left, Trio KX710 - £125, Akai CS33D - £71, Pioneer CTF7171 - £145, Sony TC161SD - £135, all with Dolby system, all prices at Laskys, London

GETTING IT TAPED

While the cassette tape digs its spools deeper into the stereo market, **Clement Brown** takes a close look at this popular facet of packaged musical entertainment.

In the beginning there were records—round black and noisy. Famous musicians, temperamental but obviously persistent, made their recordings in four minute spurts and waited, finger marking the spot, for the technical man to put the next blank on the lathe. Later, in a development accelerated by World War II, along came tape recording to speed the mass-production of music for the home and pave the way for the LP and hi-fi boom. As for the prima donnas in the studios, they weren't particularly disturbed, for they now had new scope for their art.

We are more concerned here with the prima donnas of the hi-fi scene. Magnetic tape, which enabled the industry to move ahead so rapidly, soon became the plaything of the experimenters, the audio enthusiast and the music-lover. At first it was an industry spin-off, seized gratefully by professionally inclined users and others whose interest extended well beyond the passive acceptance of domestic hi-fi. The attraction is obvious: with tape you can be your own producer and not be limited to the commercial repertoire. Experience of that strange breed, the

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audiophile, has shown the truth of this. A large proportion of tape buyers has always been more concerned with experimental use, much of it non-musical.

Nowadays recording tape is used for compact cassettes—the equivalent of LP discs—and in enormous quantities by the public for recording everything from music and drama to the dawn chorus and baby's first real word (guess which?). Much of it is misused to produce recordings of poor quality and a lot more for sounds with true sonic sparkle. One way or the other the tape manufacturers are delighted. It's not for the want of trying on their part that things sometimes go wrong. Tape has become a hugely competitive business, all-pervasive and influential.

The professionals use their tape on large spools. In the studios the tape for multi-tracked pop music may be a couple of inches wide and very expensive: a busy producer can get through hundreds of pounds worth a day. Meanwhile, ordinary users of quarter-inch tape have never really got far with the music-by-the-mile approach. Record companies, notably EMI, marketed stereo music on open-spool tape with resounding lack of success. The intricacies of handling a couple of thousand feet of writhing polyester ribbon (shiny side out, please) and threading it on take-up spools may be accepted by the hobbyists but is strictly not for the lazier hi-fi user.

Cassettes and other neat little packages, without a loose end in sight, are another matter entirely. Back in the '50s the search for a popular solution was vigorously pursued. So vigorous in fact that all manner of quaint devices came to light, some of them involving endless tapeloops and others actually using spools but hiding the terrifying details beneath welded-on covers. The first innovation to take hold, starting in the '60s, was the cassette—a reasonable enough name for a functional package. A cassette is a length of one-eighth inch tape and two little spools encompassed in a plastic case as big as a chocolate bar (and not much more expensive, the way things are going).

Philips—the Dutch part of that organisation—invented the cassette and made the design freely available throughout the world. Hence its rapid acceptance. In little more than a decade its original role in the swing-along portable—counterpart of the transistor radio—has been augmented until now the cassette is regarded seriously in the most up-market reaches of hi-fi. Except for a few detail trimmings the cassette is still physically the same as it ever was, but the tape used in it *has* been improved—and the end of the story is not yet in sight.

Competition is the spur, it is said, and the cassette is not the only kind of package. Several contenders have dropped out over the years and few are left. Grundig dictation machines use one example. One particularly important survivor is an American invention, more popular on its home ground than anywhere else. This is the tape 'cartridge', which has found favour in what current jargon calls in-car entertainment. In fact it's handy for all mobile gear—boats, aircraft, you name it. Its name seems singularly odd but we're stuck with it.

Differences between the two devices could hardly be more marked. The cassette contains narrow tape running one and seven eighths ips (inches per second). Either two or four tracks are available on it according to existing conventions. For stereo two tracks are recorded in one direction of tape travel and two in the other. In a cartridge the tape is a quarter-inch wide, runs at twice the speed of that in a cassette and is in the form of an endless loop. Room for eight tracks (two at a time for stereo) a selection of programmes can be offered in one cartridge, and this has been a factor in its appeal to motorists. You push a selector button and switch to another programme.

With some pretty keen marketing by the big producers the tape cartridge has turned up in audio systems for the home while at the same time cassettes have become popular for cars. Once you have made your choice you can, of course, play your programmes in either car or living-room. Generally the pace of progress has helped the cassette towards a place in hi-fi while the cartridge has remained less influential in this sector. A vital plus-point for cassettes is the way in which recordings can be made to a standard of quality formerly associated with faster-running tapes. You *can* record on a cartridge tape but so far this aspect has not been exploited. However, the American specialists, Wollensak, have upgraded the cartridge to the hi-fi sector and their machines are now becoming available in the UK.

How big is business in tapes and the machines on which they are played? Music on tape has been on the upswing over the last two or three years and sales of tape machines of one sort or another are up to three million units a year in the UK. Probably about 15-20% of homes have tape recorders or players—and cassette units feature strongly. Most likely every home will have a machine

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of some kind within five years. When that stage is reached tapes will rank with LPs in popular esteem. As for tapes so far, sales of recorded cassettes and cartridges by the big purveyors of music such as Decca and Precision Tapes amounted to at least £20 million last year—a healthy figure but still not a quarter of disc sales.

For those who have not the patience to make their own recordings, either the cassette or the cartridge may appeal as an alternative to the LP disc, but the LP remains buoyant and competition ensures that a lot of music can be bought for very little. Tapes cost more. Comparisons between LPs and equivalent programmes on tape reveal that the disc can win: it scores on frequency range, distortion and sheer sparkle, as you will discover if you're a keen hi-fi user. But packaged tapes are less vulnerable and have a certain plug-in-and-play logic that is bound to appeal. Storage is simple and playback gear is compact.

A fairly recent trend is of special interest to those who want to hedge their bets. Combination units, often called 'music centres', bring together cassette and record playing sections plus VHF/FM radio in one compact housing, suitable for wall furniture or shelving. Just add speakers to complete stereo. An obvious attraction is that you can tape radio programmes at a moment's notice without any hooking-up problems. These packages are not in the top echelon of hi-fi but will appeal if your tastes and budget tend more towards the mid-fi standard—with convenience as a must. Philips make these, as do some big Japanese firms including Sanyo, Sansui, Sony and Trio.

If you're a unit audio enthusiast accustomed to the flexible one-unit-one-function method, unit systems of recent design make provision for addition of tape players, and usually it is not difficult to set-up the gear so that you can record as well as replay. If you really go for tape, in any format, it is wasteful—and certainly unadventurous—to restrict yourself to the playing of commercial music tapes. Nearly all of the quality cassette machines are designed for simple record/replay, giving roughly equal emphasis to each.

Practically every UK distributor of Japanese audio, and some European, can give you reams of information on the association of cassettes with high-grade systems. Try Hitachi, Sanyo, Pioneer, Sony, Trio, Toshiba, Teac, Yamaha. In Europe ask Grundig, Philips, Telefunken; and don't forget the Scandinavian stylists, Bang & Olufsen and Tandberg. A lot of names, and what they all have in common is the compact record/replay unit for cassettes, mostly in the £90-150 bracket for hi-fi (lower if the system is less demanding on performance). Some are more pricey and a few are more complicated. Akai devised one to handle a stack of cassettes automatically, playing through a programme of six or more.

Any unit in the hi-fi category has one special feature: it lacks built-in loudspeakers and is dependent on its union with an audio system. Other highlights include meters to help you record, sound-studio fashion, so that you neither under-record nor overload the tape; handy controls to promote a sensitive touch and a quick response to the demands of the programme; and a switch to give the best conditions for different grades of tape. Many units cater for standard and chromium dioxide coated tapes (one of the latest kinds for hi-fi) and a few are more elaborate. The mechanical side of tape unit design is important: earlier machines were inclined to jam and some gained a reputation for chewing tape—all very lo-fi. Such quirks are now less common.

BASF, the tape monolith, has helped with its 'special mechanics' cassettes. Extra parts are included to promote neat spooling and a smooth passage through the machine. Several organisations, including Japanese producers and 3M (the merciful abbreviation of Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing), are stimulating competition with new tape formulations. Emergent innovations are layered tapes. For instance, a two-layer coating on the polyester base can enable high frequencies to be efficiently recorded on the surface and other parts of the spectrum on the nether layer. I've got you under my skin. Three-layer tapes are mooted. EMI, BASF, 3M (Scotch brand), Ampex and TDK are among the big boys to watch for news about tape.

Much of the action has been focused on cassettes, and if the eight-track cartridge scene appears less eventful you should remember that it has been less influential in hi-fi. In Europe it had nothing like the impetus given to the cassette. But things are looking up for the cartridge and new standards are aimed at by supporters such as the British specialists BSR, as well as the European company Voxson. Japanese Victor (JVC) and Wollensak of the USA are also working on it.

Background noise used to be the bogey of tape recording and it threatened to overwhelm slow-speed cassette replay once quality standards were given a push. In stepped Dr. Ray Dolby with his Anglo-American in-

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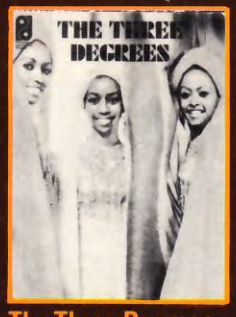
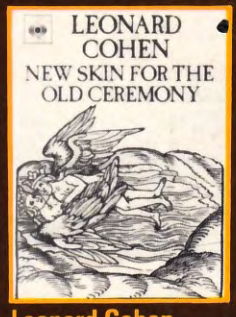


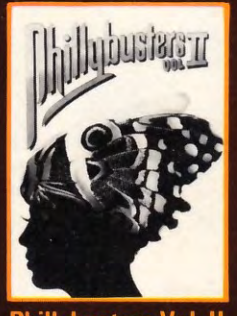
The Three Degrees
Tracks include:
'Dirty Ol' Man'
'When will I see You Again'

Fleetwood Mac
Greatest Hits
Tracks include:
'Black Magic Woman'
'Albatross'

Neil Diamond
'Serenade'
Tracks include:
'Rosemary's Wine'
'Longfellow Serenade'

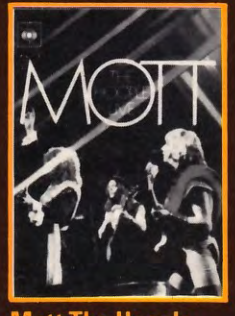


Leonard Cohen
'New Skin for the Old Ceremony'
Tracks include:
'Lover, Lover, Lover'

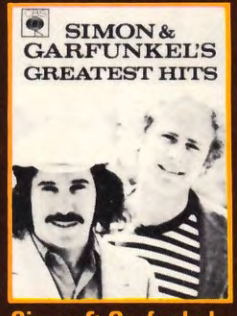


Phillybusters Vol. II
Tracks include:
'When will I see you again' from The Three Degrees 'TSOP' from MFSB, O'Jays, Harold Melvin

Donovan
'7-Tease'
Tracks include:
'Rock and Roll Souljer'
'Sadness'
'The Great Song of the Sky'



Mott The Hoople
'Live'
Tracks include:
'All the Way from Memphis'
All the Young Dudes'



Simon & Garfunkel
'Greatest Hits'
Tracks include:
'Bridge Over Troubled Water'
'America'

Dave Brubeck
'All-Time Greatest Hits'
Tracks include:
'Take Five'
'St Louis Blues'

novation that was to save the cassette from drowning in a sea of tape hiss. At first Dolby noise-reduction was applied in the studios to improve the tapes from which LPs are made; later it was developed for use in hi-fi tape recorders and accepted by licensees all over the world. Now even Philips, the inventors of cassettes, have signed on the dotted line.

There are other noise-defeating systems (JVC and Philips, for example) but Dolby reigns supreme. Very many enthusiasts will not buy a cassette unit unless it has a Dolby button. Fortunately, most popular models are so equipped. The key to Dolby precision is the two-stage treatment it applies: an electronic process operates during recording and a complementary process switches in during replay to reduce unwanted noise without significant effect on the programme. Many music tapes are Dolby-processed in manufacture, so that on reproduction the domestic machine's circuits can give the necessary balancing treatment.

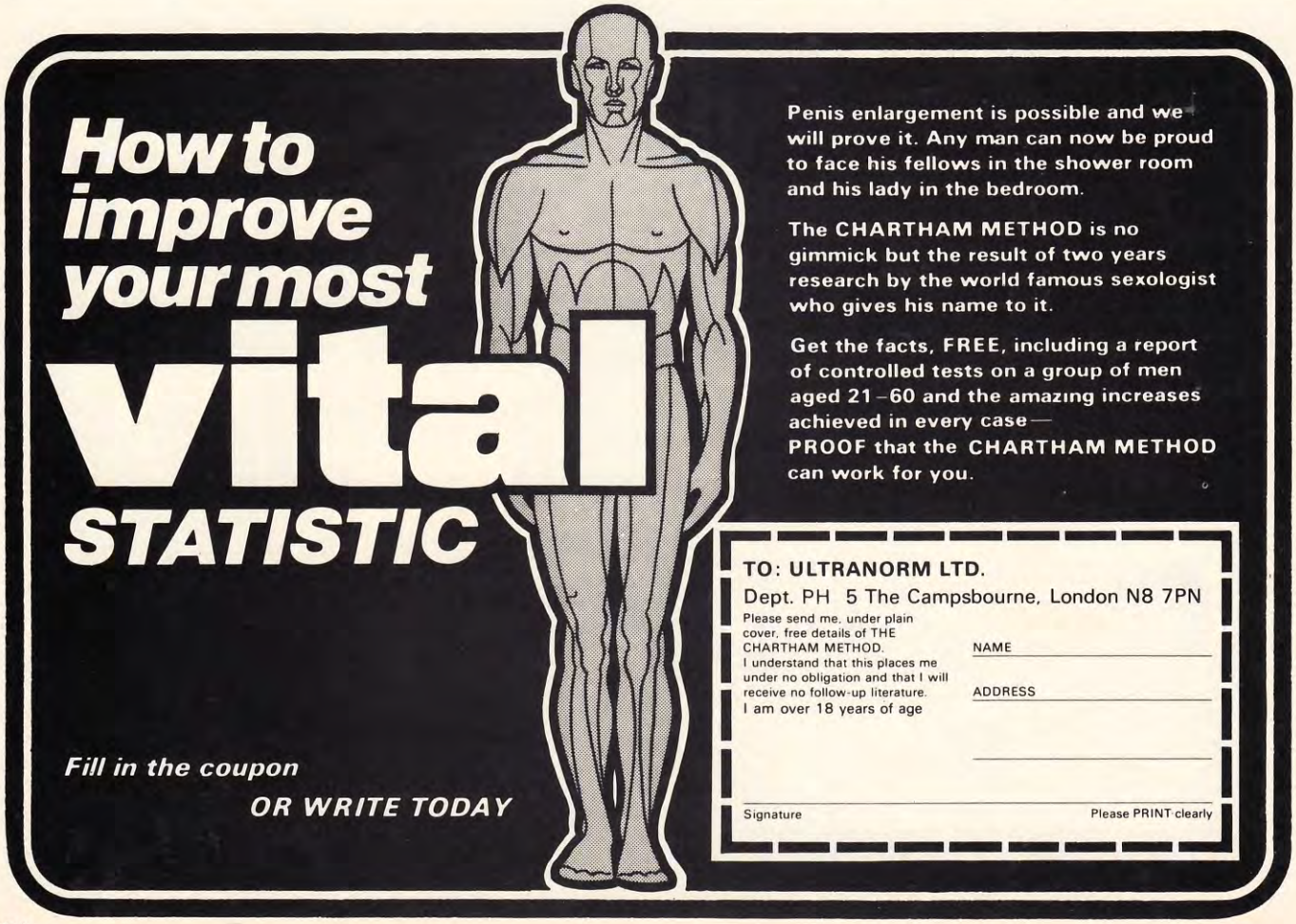
Storage poses few problems. Trays, racks and cabinets for cassettes and cartridges are now arriving in profusion and choice must depend on the extent to which you expect your collection to grow. Interlocking trays to hold cassettes in their boxes can cater beanstalk fashion for the mounting music library. Although tapes are somewhat less touchy than discs in normal handling, keep them protected against dust, which can be transferred into the machine if you are careless. An important but simple maintenance job is regular tape-head cleaning to remove debris; you can buy special cleaning tapes in cassette or cartridge form. Since magnetic principles are involved in recording, keep tapes away from items of equipment which may radiate magnetic fields. Don't place tapes on hi-fi loudspeakers.

* * *

If you stop to think about it, the very idea of hi-fi at high speed is at best an interesting paradox and at worst plain silly. The average car is a fairly noisy contraption, adding its own spectrum of frequencies—body noise, engine roar, gearbox whine, wind noise—to the rest of the sounds vibrating in the great outdoors. All right, your BMW is pretty quiet, even at full poke, but not everyone can travel in such insulated cocoons. And as any hi-fi expert can tell you, noise is implacably hostile to hi-fi. Curiously, many otherwise rational users cheerfully label in-car audio 'hi-fi stereo' when they know perfectly well that the same outfit would sound like a wind-up gramophone if given its head in the front lounge at home.

That, of course, does not dismiss the attractions of music on the move. Problems are there to be solved and it is worth going to a little trouble to make the best of the musical media available for cars. The mobile music-lover has two extremes to cater for: the moments he is stuck in a snarl-up, inevitably in noisy surroundings; and the times when the tedium of motorway driving can be relieved by a good tune. Otherwise there are blissful interludes in sylvan scenes when you can switch off the engine, turn on the audio and enjoy the music as something more than background sound. Think also of the communications aspect—traffic information from radio, language tuition from tapes.

Radio is well established in cars; recorded music less familiar. Both should be considered by the musical motorist who intends to be well equipped. Most common and cheapest are the AM radios, covering medium and long wavebands. A good example will give you reception that is not too obviously prone to fading, but the sound quality from AM is not of hi-fi calibre. VHF/FM radio is the only choice for quality in cars, just as it is for home use, but the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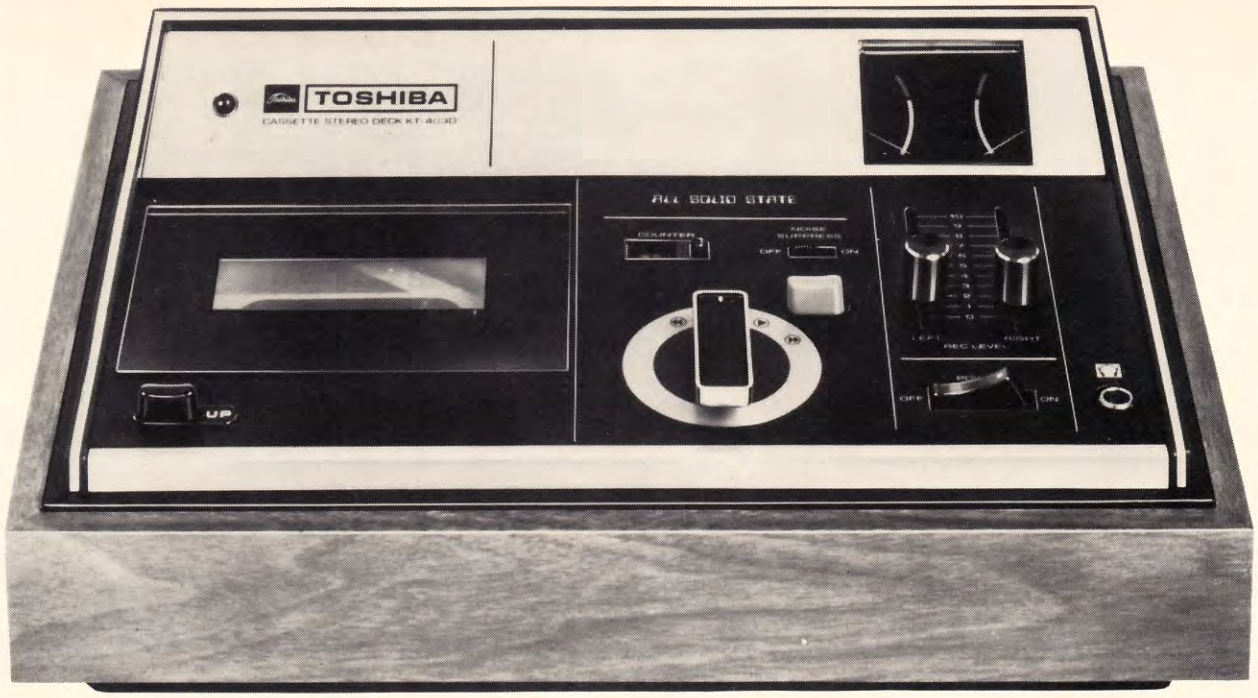

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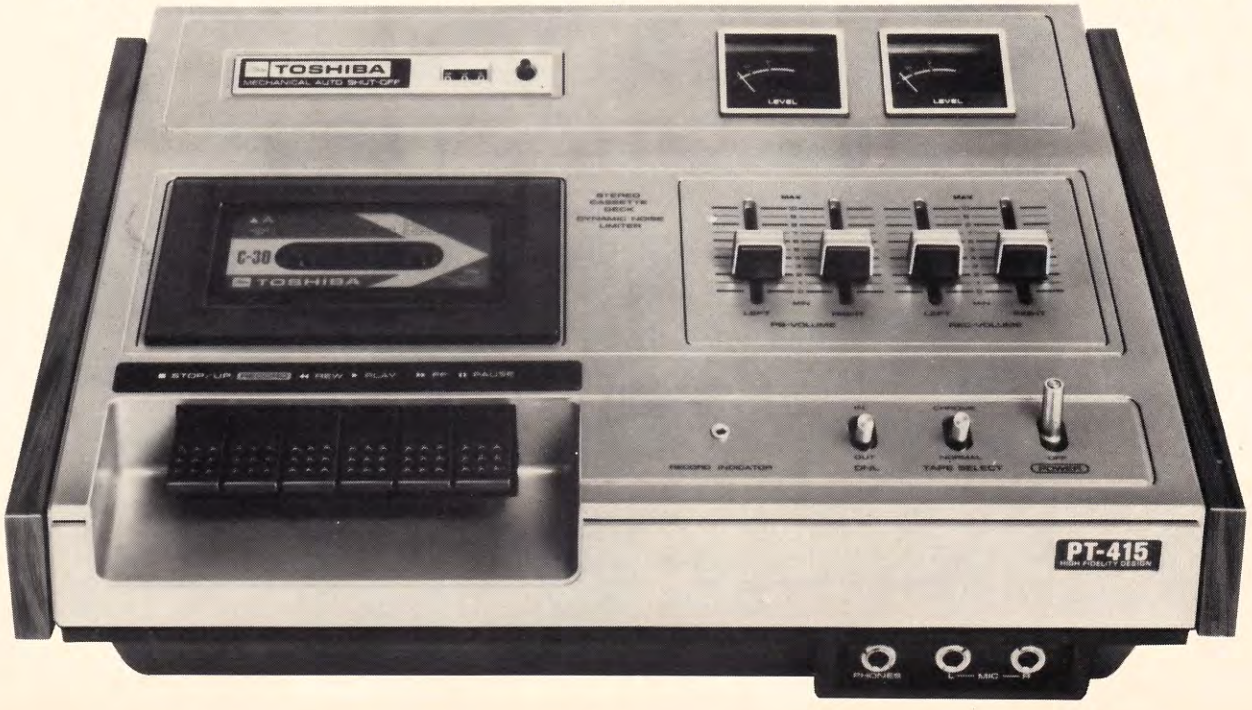
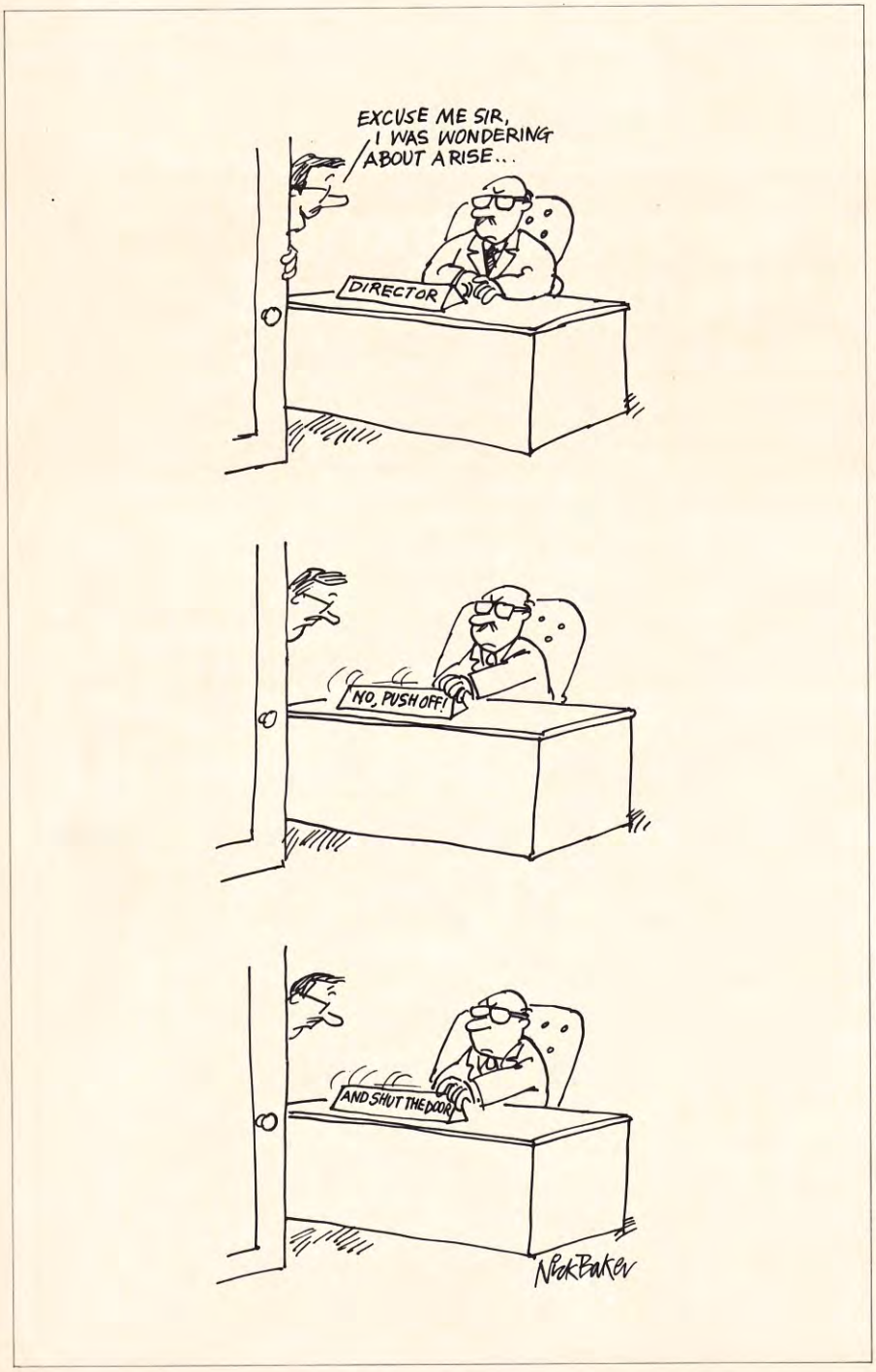


areas of coverage are limited and on a long journey you will have to search for a new station after travelling some distance.

On the other hand, FM is less subject to fade when you pass under bridges. In fact it's altogether more consistent and noise-free, unless you happen to spend most of your time in tunnels and underpasses, in which event there's nothing for it but to switch to tapes. FM radio can give you stereo, and that may clinch the matter. Whatever the system, seek your supplier's advice on an efficient aerial. You cannot expect to get anything out of a radio unless you allow something to get in. Also, engine ignition interference must be suppressed.

Cassettes are smaller than cartridges and so it's easier to store a batch of them in a car. Again you can record on a cassette. This device has become very highly developed technically (hi-fi guidance given earlier reflects the advance) and it is finding rapid acceptance in the UK for mobile music. Possibly the most important point is that the cassette is particularly effective in bridging the gap between home hi-fi and the motorist's needs.

You can buy radio and tape players separately or the two functions can be brought together in a neater installation—the usual solution nowadays.

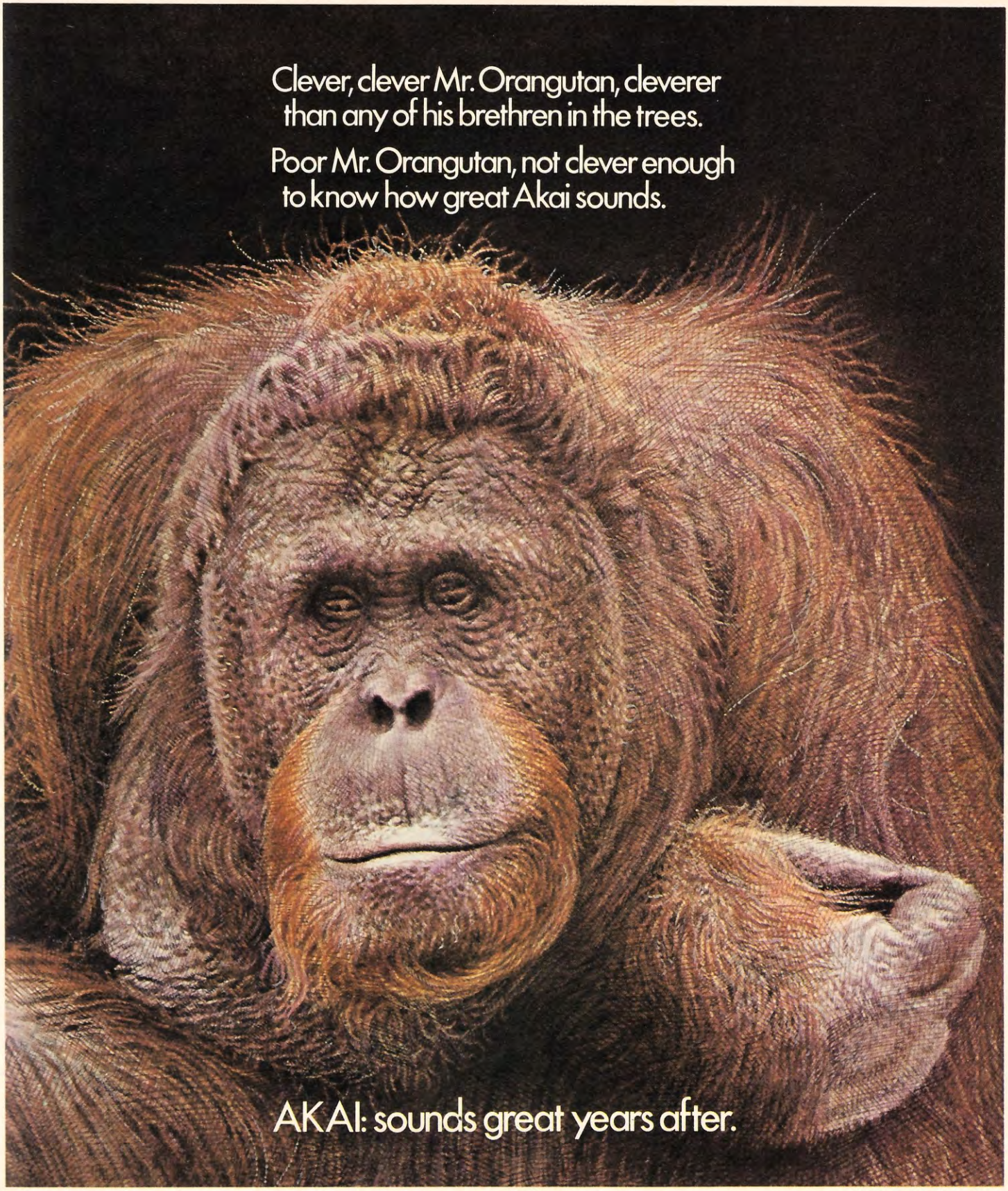


You can pay £60 for a combination system or five times as much for, say, the luxurious Blaupunkt radio/cassette system. In the popular middle-price bracket, output power figures for stereo are around five to eight watts each channel, which obviously is much lower than for domestic hi-fi. But success in this area by specialists such as Radiomobile, Beltek and Decca shows this rating is widely accepted. Of course, there's more beef in the expensive outfits.

As any hi-fi buff will know, you cannot isolate 'watts per channel' and not talk about the loudspeakers. If the speakers jib at the power, then the potent amplifier is wasted, though it's true that a little reserve power is welcome—just as it is in home hi-fi. Generally power ratings have been modest and speakers rather small: after all, they have to be stowed away in a small space, possibly in the doors of the car or somewhere under all those gimmicks on the dash. New ideas are coming along and greater power capability, allied to higher fi, will receive attention as in-car entertainment really takes hold.

Some enthusiasts, anxious to see car audio gain hi-fi status more rapidly, have improved speaker sound by devising four-unit surround sound. It does not work as impressively as it does in a room but efforts to disperse sound and produce a more spacious effect are well worth the trouble. Two speakers can be in the front doors and two beneath the rear window. An extension of the idea is a separate, larger speaker unit fitted in the rear shelf for the purpose of reproducing the bass notes more efficiently. The boot can serve as the enclosure or 'cabinet' to soak up the sound from the rear of this drive unit. Complication to that degree will probably be thought reasonable by those with experience of the hardware; others should call on the services of a radio mechanic. This is true of any fancy wiring scheme that will put unusual loads on the amplifier. Hitachi are actually promoting a tape cartridge system that yields a form of quadraphonic sound and thus are in a position to advise on this off-beat approach.

Now to the choice of cartridge or cassette. The cartridge is well established in this field and likely to appeal to those who like a lot of music in one package. A recent development is the arrival of units with which you can record on cartridges at home for subsequent playback in the car. Remember that the tape is an endless loop, so that the programme cycle will be repeated if left running. In stereo you can switch across the tracks to alternative programmes.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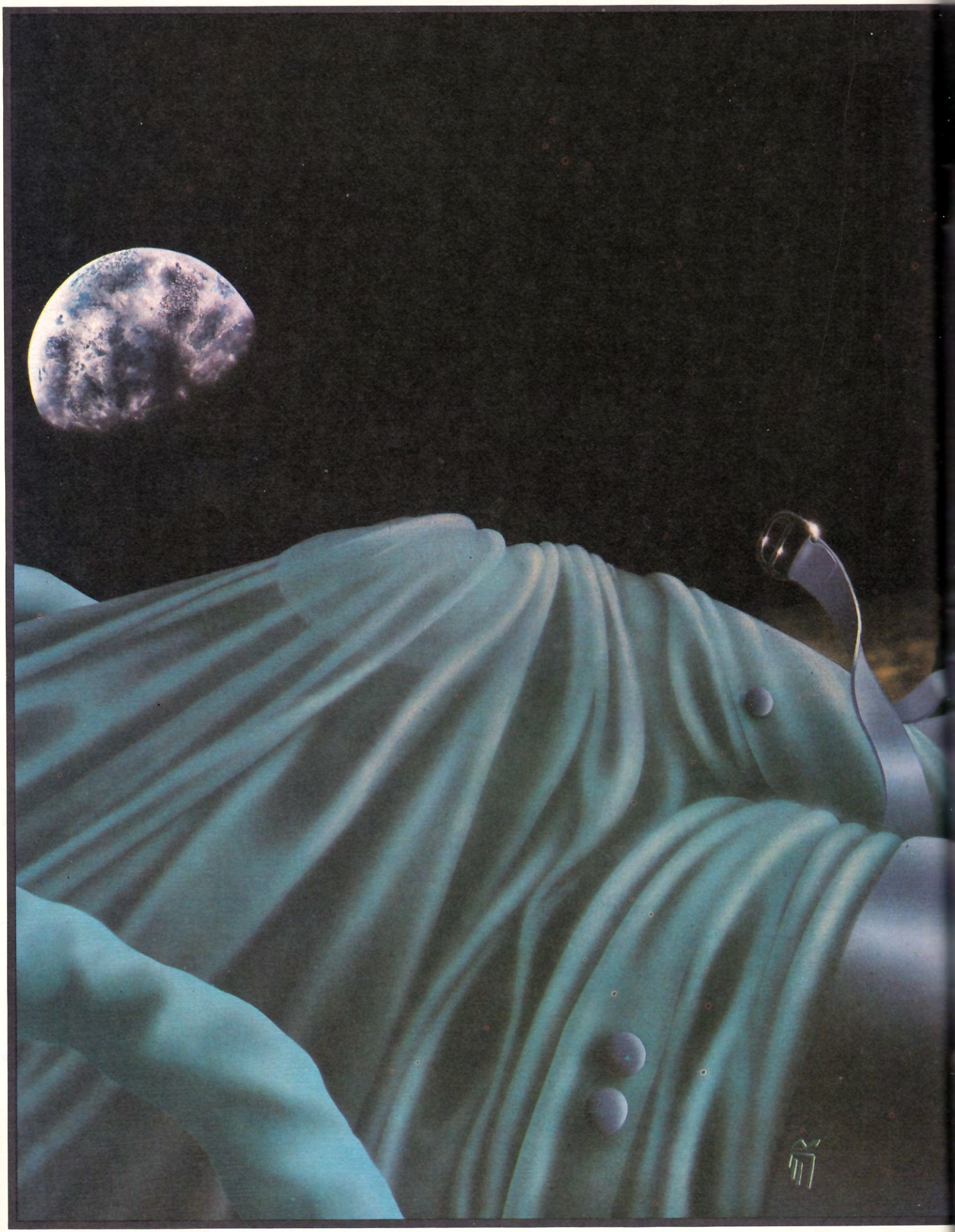


Illustration by Jurgen Rogner

the bay of rainbows

Major Lem Gaskett lay prone on the moon, helpless as an unhorsed knight, with a mocking glandular imbalance that no one had provided for.
Fiction by **William Chait**

Now it can be told. I remember it as clearly as yesterday, far better than yesterday even, because I tried then to imprint on to my mind that irredeemable moonscape on the Sinus Iridum, to fix its details like a melancholy tourist at departure time.

Our landing shuttle squatted there like a great constipated spider against distant mountains of crinkled foil. The Jura Range reared raggedly beyond the Bay of Rainbow's gold-grey plains, frozen by penetrating and unnatural brightness as if harshly floodlit. In the opposite direction Mare Imbrium spread tediously out to the high rim of Archimedes on the near horizon. Under the polished lapidary eye of an almost-full Earth, its day/night border out of focus, I strode through shadows so black I half-expected to sink into a bottomless void: shadows like tar pits, fissures of infinite opacity . . .

The photographs read true, it really looks like that; but the inviolable presence of the place cannot be taken home like a souvenir. We erstwhile astronauts were—as often accused—unworthy of it, or at least unqualified to articulate it since we'd been trained as pilots, not poets or explorers, or even reporters. (We sometimes pretended to be scientists, but weren't even very good technicians.)

In the final hours of that final mission, after a good day's work on the moon, we'd left the surface rover and were returning with our rockbags using that loping gait peculiar to .16 gravity. Mindful of a certain mellowness filtered through a bittersweet regret, I glanced back for no particular reason.

A cold cleaver slashed down on me. Major Gaskett was *not* following.

Numb with misgivings, I backtracked a few long-striding paces,

scanning the naked lunar barrens. Intense light flattened the immediate vicinity, camouflaging depth into a chiaroscuro of clear yet abstract patterns. I found him soon enough: prone on his belly among scattered selenological samples.

He seemed intact, he even beckoned to me, and I drew cautiously near. "Lem, what happened?" I asked anxiously and a bit shrill. I looked around: no soft dust, no mini-craters, no boulders to trip over. He didn't reply but, propped on one elbow, signed me closer, adjusting his communicator control. "What's wrong, Lem? Can't you transmit? For God's sake, say something!"

"Dammit, turn down your audio, I don't want Houston to hear!" came a mechanical stage-whisper.

"Why not?"

"It's . . . rather embarrassing." Our helmets were almost touching now. I reduced intercom power. "Lem?"

"I can't move. *It's stiff,* jammed into the catheter tube. I can't bend my suit at the hips, I can't walk. I can't get up. It's stuck."

"What is?" I asked, confused. I could barely hear his anguished answer, or believe it. "You've got a *what?*"

"Keep it quiet!" he waved desperately. Through gritted teeth he explained painfully: "My . . . male organ is wedged down my pants leg and I can't.. locomote. You with me? Ah, Christ! My prick, stupid! Cock, peter, tool, dong, pecker! Weenie, schmuck! Virile member. OK? Do you read me?" Through his visor I could see Lem's eyelids lowered in sweaty mortification.

I knew it was serious because Lem had dropped the boyish "golly gee!" form to which our dialogues had been so carefully conditioned. "You're kidding," was all I could say.

"No," he sighed in the tense, almost inaudible rasp of a dying actor in the movies. "Not kidding."

"Jesus, Lem, how could it happen?" But I knew. Of course the suit's design provided no tolerances for such a remote and unmentionable contingency. Just no room in there. "Lem, what am I supposed to tell Mission Control?"

Too late. A monotone but singsong drawl crackled from a quarter-million miles away: "Rainbow Base, Houston. Come in, Rainbow. Ah, blood pressure increased and ah, respiration accelerated for ah, both of you. Major ah, we monitor your heartbeat at ah, 109 per minute. What's up?"

I switched to earth frequency: "Rainbow Base here. Just the sentiments of the moment, I guess, this being the last mission and all. Sure sad to leave, right, Lem?"

"Gosh, yes," agreed Lem, voice unstrained but terse. "Sure busy, too, Houston," he added impatiently, as if to forstall further interrogation by oversolicitous, motherly Mission Control. "Probes completed, experiments package collected, terminating extended EVA now. Over and out."

"Roger, ah Rainbow. Advise any ah, deviation from timeline. Houston out."

As the static faded I sat down beside Lem in the fine incandescent dust. His helmet slumped between his shoulders. The granite solemnity of that moonscape and its unremitting glare suffused our mutual isolation, alone of all men, lost on titanium plains. I glanced at my chronometer and broke the aching silence in near-panic: "Lem! We should've been aboard by now! Can you—?"

He shook his helmet ponderously, like a blunt white turtle's head. "I'm still immobilised. It's really hard."

I heard acid tears in his voice, yet the vocal spasms which followed could as well have been choked hysterical laughter. I realised, fleetingly, the pitiless absurdity and forced my mind away. "I'll carry you, then."

"Use your intelligence, man," he half-sneered, half-sighed. 'You'd never get me up the ladder."

"At one-sixth earth weight—" I started to say, then fearfully saw his point. The Module's access ladder had been structured to support *one man, moon gravity.* Saved a bit of payload that way: obscene fastidiousness of all engineers! That ingeniously minimal design, conspiring with the other, the suit itself . . . "If the ladder breaks *you* won't get back either," said Lem calmly.

"Forget the damn ladder, I'll hoist you in with the equipment sling!" I exclaimed urgently, simultaneously dogged by cruel objections. Manoeuvering through the hatch in full gear was as tricky as a rendezvous docking, requiring many minutes for even an agile astronaut. Weight notwithstanding, the suit alone bulked in at 185 pounds. I impulsively began, however, tilting Lem upright like a fallen idol.

He gave a short, wild shriek, so startling that I dropped him. "Jesus, I'm sorry, Lem. Does it hurt?"

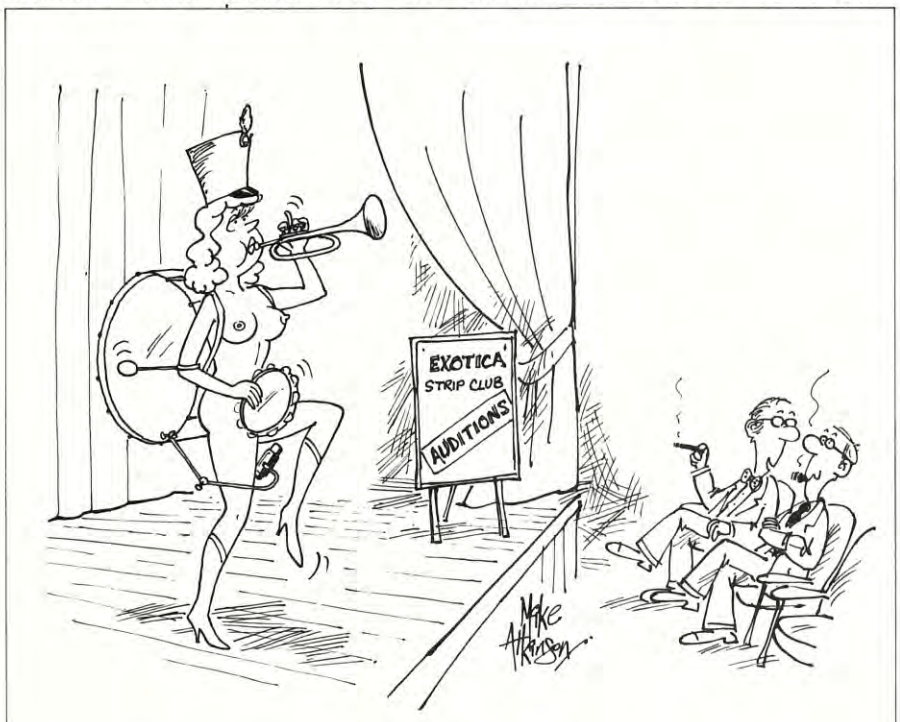
"Only when I . . . move," he gasped. "Please don't try that again, please . . . you'll break something, leave me alone . . ." Whitefaced, he shut his eyes against the pain.

I inhaled deeply to restrain the shuddering. "All right. Listen, we'll just wait until your condition . . . alleviates itself; how long can it take, right? Even if we delay lift-off it only means we miss the next launch window—"

"Won't work," groaned Lem. "No time for extra course-correction burns to make the new translunar orbital insertion."

"Then Houston can recompute the longer trajectory."

"No good, not enough oxygen. Remember how we begged for a surface-duration extension because this was the last mission? Granted. So no reserves, at least for full crew,



"You think this is good—wait until she starts playing the harmonica!"

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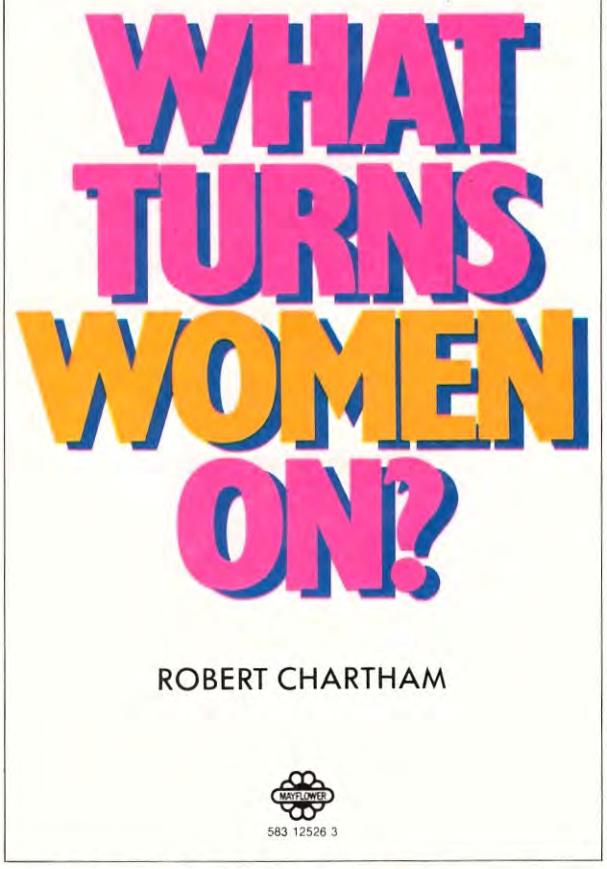

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unless our flight schedule is maintained as plotted. You know that," he hissed bitterly.

It's not my fault, I thought resentfully, then abashedly reflected that it wasn't Lem's either. Alas, poor Lemuel, lying there helpless as an unhorsed armoured knight, ballasted with leaden fragility. Desolated I turned away, unable to bear it. It was ridiculous, a vulgar impractical joke! That such a little thing—excuse me, Mrs Gaskett—such a minor, ordinary, everyday, natural occurrence, that redblooded joy of manhood, could, unforeseen, so jeopardise, so threaten . . . how *could* this have happened?

"Lem, still hard?"

"As a baseball bat, dammit!"

Or perhaps—wild idea!—it had come upon him as a psychological consequence of unbidden libidinal urgings! (Shirley Gaskett, neé Miss Nebraska 1969, could indeed put lead in a fella's pencil.) What erotic images or memories, what sexual fantasies had Major Gaskett's subconscious conjured forth and transposed against the distant sterile mountains of the moon? Surely, in a way, an affirmation of the human spirit? The amatory imagination overcoming, however importunely, the orderly technological strictures in whose calibrated cadences we paced —the positive life-force asserting itself even here amidst the mineral wastes of a lethally hostile environment, on a defunct world! The flesh not weaker but stronger than quantitative inevitabilities, the regenerative spark against . . . entropy, mortality!

Ironic it was, how pathetically ironic, that after all the manifold precautions taken against mechanical failure—backup systems and redundant circuits of baroque complexity—Major Gaskett should be hoist, as it were, with his own petard.

Totally unable to accept the unreality of his predicament, I found myself jesting with Lem's life. My mind staggered, at once giddy and stricken. The vast, harsh, lunar pastorale under its scintillant jet sky became claustrophobic, as if internalised within my bell-jar helmet, within my head itself; a nightmare terrain of the cortex, a scale-less, perspective-less landscape of spiky too-solid madness. A kind of trap. We did not belong up there.

Enviable is simple fear: localised, urgent, wholesomely animalistic. Stab shock adrenaline response. Survival instincts focus action, not sickening frustratingly diffuse disorientation. To scream or giggle seemed my only choices.

End of confession. This was no joke; that was no slide-rule between Lem's legs. Hopeless emptiness filled me utterly, but just as suddenly came an inspired flash: "Lem, couldn't you, uh, *relieve* yourself? I know you can't get your hand in there, but maybe if you jiggled around a bit, rubbed back and forth, you know . . ."

"What?" he mouthed behind the plexiglass, not without a certain amount of personal abuse. His transmitter was still powered down, but I could tell from his face he was shouting. It sounded very far away.

"It's the only sure way to get it limp, Lem, don't be—"

"I grasp the principle, idiot! I just *can't* do it *now*!"

"Chrissake, Lem, it's important! I won't watch . . ."

"The whole *world* will watch!" he screamed, pointing violently at his own watch, then thumbing over his shoulder.

Good God. I'd forgotten that too. The TV camera, set to broadcast our triumphant return to the safety of the ship (Lem lay between the former and the latter) which was supposed to be happening in—Jesus! Now.

In three Olympic bounds I reached the camera and hoodwinked it with my glove just as the little red indicator lit. As Godiva had her Tom, we had the hard Egyptoid eye of CBS. "Rainbow Base, ah Houston here. Time for the ah, Morning Show, ah guys, activating pre-launch ah, video now . . ."

Gripping the lens like a dog's muzzle I dismounted the camera and neatly drop-kicked it about half a mile across the Sinus Iridium. As a million dollars whirled out of sight, Mission Control radioed peevishly: "We seem to be ah, losing you, ah Rainbow, ah signal breaking up. Could you ah, check the ah—"

"Must be at your end, Houston," I snapped. "Look, we're not union repairmen. Besides, no time; we're going in now." I cut them off. "Aren't we, Lem?"

Lem's decision shone clear in his wet eyes. "Get on board," he said.

I didn't—couldn't—move. "It's the only way," said Lem stiffly.

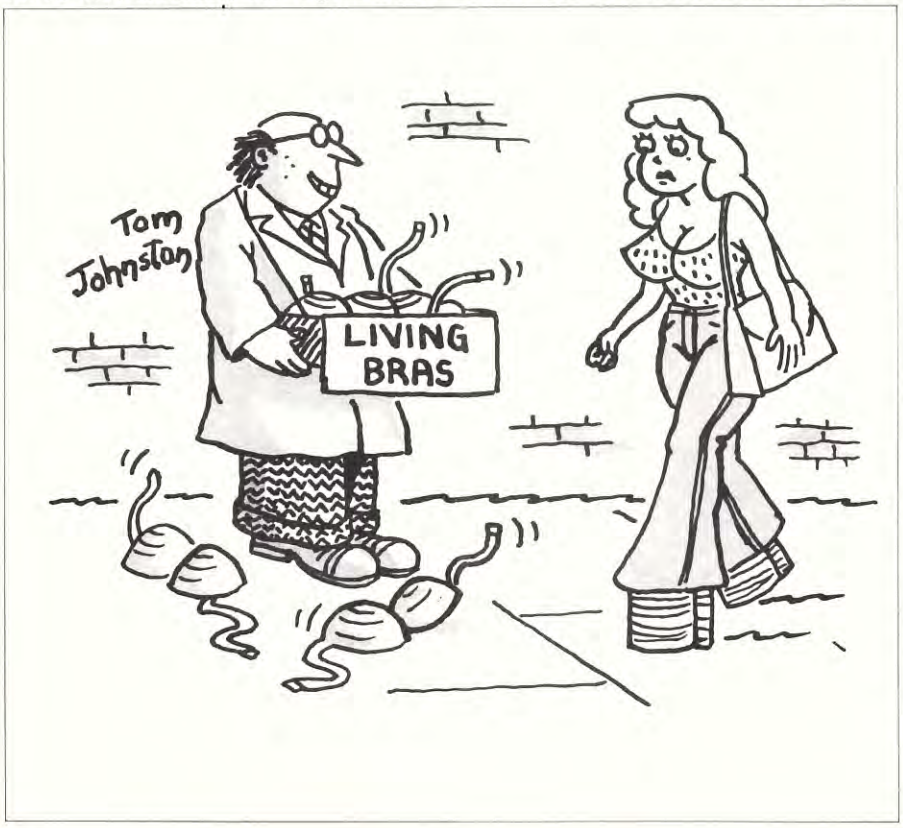
"Negative, Lem. I'm not leaving you here."

"You can't help me. It's an order. Think of the mission."

Unbelievable. (Warn the fort, I flashed. Save yourself. Just leave me one bullet in the Colt.) "Don't just stand there, you fool!" was what he really said, eyes and voice now hard as stone, steel, a baseball bat. "You'll have twice as much to do without me, in half the time. No, less. Get going, damn you! I'll call Mission Control and . . . explain."

Stunned, I moved off, without farewell.

Only when I regained the ovarian security of my acceleration couch in front of the familiar instrument lights did the red fog dissipate. Mindlessly I ran through both checklists, as trained. It took no longer than usual, everything routine, everything Go, except, of course, the Mission Commander. I could see him through the landing port as a distant, supine white shape, humpbacked by his life-support



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pack, as if pinned under a small refrigerator. He gestured to me, I think, giving the thumbs-up AOK, or possibly the V-sign. Perhaps it was only one finger he held up.

I kept him in view, you see, because I really expected him to stand up and walk over at any minute. Hard to conceive—not to say believe—that Lem's recalcitrant rigor mortis sexualis could cause such total incapacitation, and of such wondrous duration. The bigger they come . . .? Lem of the NASA locker-room had been hung like a horse. Well, doubtless some Simple Medical Explanation, albeit a rare case. Glandular imbalance due to oversensitisation of the privates? The Gaskett Syndrome? Or abnormal erectile expansion due to low internal suit pressure—a balloon in a vacuum? Perhaps the stress had gotten to him, pure and simple. (It is well known that an astronaut's 10-day post-flight debriefing and quarantine periods often masked a total nervous collapse, attended by physical illness, as the drained and susceptible body paid back its energy deficit; anything could happen.) I know the stress was getting to *me*.

After countdown began Lem established earth contact. "Hello Houston, Mr President, Americans everywhere," he said. "This is Major Lemuel Gaskett, on the moon. I have had an unavoidable accident which prevents my return. My team-mates here and on earth, whose performance I cannot commend too highly, can attest to the otherwise complete success of this the last Apollo flight. It is in this respect I would have our mission remembered, for although I am honoured to be the first known casualty of lunar exploration, the lesson is this: mourn not a mere man, proud to be sacrificed for his country, but dedicate yourselves anew to the task auspiciously begun! The only real tragedy is the cancellation of the Apollo Programme, on grounds of misguided economy, while we remain yet on the threshhold of untold discoveries! And since I may be trusted, in the extremity of my present circumstances, to speak out frankly, let there be no equivocation regarding the irresponsibility of those who have torpedoed Apollo in favour of the most dubious welfare schemes. I do not say this unmindful of my duty as an officer of the United States Air Force. I plead not for myself, not for those thousands who have already contributed so much to the advancement of American space endeavour, but for future generations unborn. If this, my last testament, in some way helps save Apollo from short-sighted abandonment of our national commitment, I . . . shall not . . . have died in vain. One small step for man . . . one . . ."

Lem's voice broke. Within a few seconds a whole train of argument sped through my distracted brain; in that instant I first entertained the possibility of this catastrophe having been intentioned by Major Gaskett himself. I knew his feelings about the Apollo cutback; indeed, we all shared them. So, were my suspicions justified—and we'll never know—I could at least have respected his motive for dramatising the cause, although the latent martyr-complex impelling the act dampened my admiration. Portraits in Courage: Lem Gaskett, Astronaut. The very tone of his speech even disturbed me; it might almost have been written by some senator from an aerospace-industry state, or a contractor's lobbyist. Had he been put up to it? Chilling thought.

I would prefer to think Lem died for love. Soon he would have the moon entirely to himself. Far better, I'd have thought (but I'm not Lem) the aphrodisiac moon over Nebraska, Shirley in the cornfields! (This last suggested by Lem's face-down position; I hadn't thought of it before. One more hypothesis: when Lem first fell—or later, when I dropped him—his protrusion penetrated the lunar crust, thus he'd nailed himself down, or rather screwed himself in, permanently. The Man Who Tried to Deflower the Moon.) What a cold mistress. What sad folly, moonfucker!

Other strange notions crept from the mouseholes of my mind. It occurred to me that I never actually verified the physical condition Lem claimed to have been undone by. Perhaps we weren't all victims of a suicidal hoax, but instead, Lem was himself victim of sexual delusions under the heady influence of an *oxygen high*, common enough to moonwalkers. Was his unwanted potency an imaginary—yet to him, *convincing*—tactile hallucination? Or did such intoxication in fact precipitate his alleged erection, the first known lunar hard-on? We are not men of wood.

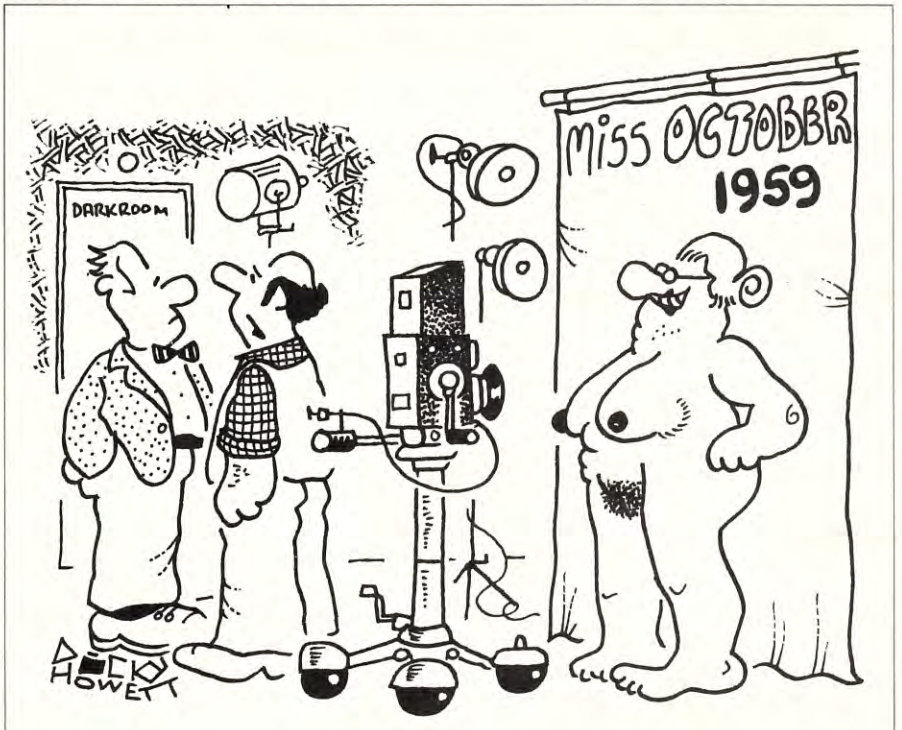
A moment later Lem resumed his monologue to Earth, as I finally wrenched my attention from his recumbent form to the countdown register, ticking off the last irrevocable seconds. Twenty. Nineteen. Eighteen.

". . . and tell Mrs Gaskett and the little Gasketts that I love them very much, and . . . that I'm sorry. Over and out."

Mission Control cut in frantically, several voices at once: "Message garbled in transmission. Lem, aren't you on board? Repeat the message, do not read you, what's—"

"Hello Houston, Mr President, Americans everywhere. This is Major Lemuel Gaskett, on the moon. I have had an unavoidable accident which prevents my . . ."

With a sort of noiseless thunder the ascent engine ignited. I see him still, pale priapic interloper, under that scrupulous light.



"What with all the shortages and things, I'm really getting behind with my calendar shots."

PENTHOUSE FORUM

in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of Penthouse, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals, please), though these may be withheld by the Editor on request. Send to Penthouse Forum, 2 Bramber Road, London W14 9PB. Correspondents will be asked to confirm authorship by signing and returning a verification form. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Stiff lower lip

I wonder whether any of your readers have noticed an unusual side-effect of the use of vaginal deodorants.

A year or so ago, I dated a strikingly beautiful Midlands girl during a lonely and frustrating period when I was apart from my wife. The upshot was that after two evenings I went back to the girl's flat where we made love. I performed cunnilingus on her and she reciprocated. When I awoke in the morning I discovered I had a sore throat and a stiff neck.

This may, considering some of the implications of what I had been doing, cause some of your readers great hilarity. At the time I put my condition down to the fact we had been drinking and smoking quite heavily before making love. However, this soreness occurred on subsequent occasions though it did little to spoil our relationship because the symptoms rapidly cleared within a few hours.

I never, out of politeness, broached this subject to the girl, but recently the same thing has happened again with another girl and this time I put two and two together and asked if she used a vaginal deodorant because in both girls I noticed an absence of the usual strong odours. She said she did and admittedly I find the sensation pleasanter than the ripe smell of musty muff, but I wondered, if the effects are so obvious, is this dangerous in any way?—*T.C. (name and address withheld by request), Blackpool, Lancashire.*

Going for a dong

It has been my hobby since the age of 11—I am now 17—to attempt by regular exercising to increase the length of my penis. I have managed so far an erect length of 19 and a quarter inches, four inches of which has been added in the past year.

My method only consists of daily exercising etc., and I was therefore interested in the "Chartham Method" as advertised in your magazine. But as they only claim an increase of one to two inches, I feel this is quite expensive.

Increases in the early years of my endeavours were of course small and later on in school I was embarrassed in the showers after games—it was only 12 and a half inches long when I left school.

My girlfriend and my sister both think my penis is fine, but my sister thinks I should stop at 24 inches. I hope to attain at least this and I shall see then whether I want a further increase. I find no problems with this length except on holiday when I am unable to wear shorts. How do other readers with this sort of length manage?—*M.W. (name and address withheld on request), Bristol.*

Dr. P. Isser Puller writes: This is quite a common occurrence in young men. It is known as 'vivid imagination.'—Editor.

On manoeuvres

We much appreciate the morale boost given by your magazine monthly and in particular the current issue, but may we, as a few of H.M's boys serving in Northern Ireland, ask you to send a photographer along to Pan's People's HQ to take a few more revealing poses of these gorgeous girls.

Everything your report said about them in vol 9 no 7 and what was revealed in the interview was correct as far as we are concerned. They definitely convey the whole spectrum of male fantasy. So what about it, please can you feature the girls in your magazine? Physically they rank well alongside many of Britain's top class photographic models.

We leave our request with you, with the almost cast-iron guarantee that sales of the issue in which they appear will rocket.

Hoping to see more of this.—*Bill, Tucker, Dave and Dutch, Bravo Company, Belfast.*

Glad to see old Tucker's in there—Editor.

On manoeuvres—Pan's People as they appeared in vol 9 no 7

Three in a bed

I thought your readers might be interested to know of a recent happening when my husband, John, and myself entertained the wife of our next door neighbour for an evening. Margaret's husband was working away from home and we invited her round for company and to spend the night in the spare room, if she wished.

The evening progressed conventionally enough with television and small talk. When bedtime came round there was some mild flirtatious chatter between John and Margaret about how nice and warm our bed was with its electric blanket compared with the ice cold sheets of the bed in the spare room. Wouldn't it be much nicer, suggested John, for Margaret to hop in with us. Furthermore we had that week purchased a large continental quilt and Margaret said she had never slept under one. I did not object to this because our relationship with our neighbours had always been free and easy—we are all in our early 30s and have much in common.

We undressed and climbed into our bed, my husband in the middle. In no time at all I felt John's hand descend to my groin which because of the novelty of the situation was quite wet. He began to further arouse me and my first instinct was to push his hand away—I wasn't going to have an orgasm with an audience! John persisted and I lost control—the thought of the three of us lying there naked with John calmly diddling me was just too much. My breathing started to become heavy and I launched upon an abandoned orgasm. However, I wasn't so abandoned as not to be astounded to hear similar sounds coming from the other side of the bed! Whilst I was having reservations about my own husband giving me a hand job he was doing just the same thing to Margaret. Both us girls realised what was happening and we both hit the jackpot together in what was for me a terrific orgasm.

As if nothing had happened, John announced that he would go into the spare room and warm the bed for Margaret which he did. As if what had already happened was not enough Margaret and I, who had rolled together as John climbed out of bed repeated the exercise all by ourselves. We kissed, cuddled, petted and climaxed delightfully. Neither of us are lesbians and both of us have a perfectly normal and satisfactory sex life with our husbands although we found out that variety is indeed the spice of life.

Margaret left me and went to the spare room. When John came back, no doubt having had a goodnight session with Margaret, he and I had a superb session in which he climaxed, although by then I'd had enough.

In the cold light of day we all discussed what had happened and concluded that our session hadn't been in the least bit "queer" or distasteful. It had merely provided an outlet for genuine desires in an open and frank manner. Margaret's husband was let in on the secret by mutual consent and we have had similar sessions since and shall, I hope, have more. One firm conclusion we reached was that our story was just as fantastic as many which appear in your magazine. We know ours is true and we also know that if it is printed, many would think it too far fetched to credit. There's a surprise behind every door in suburbia.—*Mrs C. T. (name and address withheld), Bradford, Yorkshire.*

The whole shooting match

Being a bottom fan I thank you very much for Penthouse vol 9 no 4 in which I can see a few

attractive behinds. But I deeply regret that aside the alluring plump buttocks of Stella (pages 51 and 54) and Marilyn and Lone in their suggestive postures, you have not put, as by chance, carelessly, a big enema bag, a rubber pear, a syringe or a clyster-pump. Why not? Is it forbidden? Do the Pets refuse such photographs?

I suggest you give us in Wicked Wanda other punishments than birching, for instance a few insertions of terrific enemas with a lot of classic and special devices. For your anus-fetishists, I give a good device I have experienced which is a hand made dildo which has given much pleasure.

Take a .50 calibre bullet, hollow the core and tighten on it a short handle, then insert the bullet an inch in the anus of your partner (or in yours). It will be previously cooled in a refrigerator —the feeling is much more alluring—and lubricated. Then push the bullet forward and backward slowly and more and more deeply. As foreplay or during intercourse, it is gorgeous.—*E.V. (full name withheld) Rue des Canadiens, Charleroi, France.*

It is important not to attempt inserting the refrigerator without removing first the doorhandle—Editor.

Lady wrestlers

Your interesting article on the irrepressible Viv Martell, the lady wrestler, in vol 9 no 10 prompts me to bring to your notice the ridiculous bans on women wrestlers in many parts of this country, including the entire Greater London Council area. It seems that Londoners, among others, will still not be able to witness the delightfully forthright Miss Martell for some time to come.

I hope you can help me at Penthouse by putting me in touch with the wrestling promoters who stage matches between girls so that in the near future I can make arrangements to see them.—*D.B.I. (name and address withheld by request); London, N9.*

I must say what excellent coverage was given by Nevile Player of that fabulous red-headed girl wrestler, Vivacious Viv Martell. The accompanying pictures were excellent and I am very keen to enquire if you have any more pictures of Viv, posed or in action? If so, are there any means by which I may procure some—perhaps directly from your magazine's records? I earnestly hope you can oblige me.—*J.A.W. (name and address withheld by request), Selsey, Sussex.*

Lady wrestlers—17 year old Viv Martell, banned by the GLC?

I was fascinated by your article entitled "Ladies of the Wrestling Ring" which featured Viv Martell. Could you possibly get Nevile Player to interview Mitzi Mueller, the lady wrestler, who is my favourite. I would love to see some colour pictures of Mitzi in your magazine. She also is noted for her unusual physical proportions.—*M.F. (name and address withheld), Mansfield, Notts.*

So is Nevile Player, for that matter—Editor.

Keeping it in the family

I'm not sure that Xaviera Hollander is right when she advises your correspondent, J.K. in her column in vol 9 no 9, that his sexual relationship with his sister is not biologically dangerous. Where she *is* wrong however is in maintaining that the incest taboo is instinctive and that our early ancestors were born with a natural repugnance for mating within the family.

Whether anthropologists wish to back her up as she claims or not, I feel it more likely that the incest taboo is, and always has been, a contract of social behaviour with strong religious connotations, specifically devised and in no way instinctive. Like most of the sexual laws existing today, devised by men to protect their women (property) from other men, it would have most likely been decided on by ageing husbands (tribal chiefs) to protect their younger wives from the fiercly virile young warrior sons, who might prefer otherwise to remain within the security of the camp rather than go out and hunt for wives of their own. God was probably dreamed up at the same time to give the law a more forceful backing.

It is highly likely that primitive man mated with whatever took his fancy, whenever it took his fancy; in fact with any beast or being which smelt vaguely right. In the fairly anarchical society of primitive man where the strongest ate first and the weakest were left to gnaw at the remains or fend for themselves, obviously those least equipped to survive would perish early. Progeny of "incestual" relationships harbouring major defects would not have survived long enough to feed, if in fact they were not killed outright by the tribe through fear. This purely primitive system would surely have obleted any need for an incest taboo, even had man been capable of thinking it at the time.

I'm convinced that the incest taboo cannot be instinctive by studying the attitudes of young children, sexually and otherwise, towards each other. They only seem to develop reservations of repugnance and fear, secrecy and guilt, through the attitudes and influences of their parents. Unless it is told otherwise, when a child sees its parents making love it feels no repugnance for them or for the act physically, otherwise it would not wish to run and share their bed, feeling it is being left out of a close relationship that it should be allowed to participate in. All children need a lot of physical contact and body touching, especially from their parents and if denied it will frequently seek it among those closest to them, those most available, their brothers and sisters.

I would close by reminding Xaviera that whether "perfect" results can occur from selective breeding of dogs or horses or not, they will need a great deal more care and attention to remain fit and will be far more susceptible to illness and accident than more mongrel and hardy beasts. Place a thoroughbred racehorse with a cow pony in a field and see which survives the longest. It is quite possible I agree, that while mongol children and spastic children occur frequently from relationships between totally unconnected bloodlines, and while apparently normal children can result from incest relationships, these latter are more likely to find themselves in the survival position of the "thoroughbred" without the advantages of selective breeding. One only has to look at any 100 year period of the Austro-Hungarian royal families to decide the effects of interbreeding and whether it produces "thoroughbreds" or not. *D.P. (name and address withheld on request), Leamington Spa, Warwicks.*

It is with horror that we read Ms. Hollander's reply to J.K.'s letter concerning his fears for children born of incestuous relationships. As biologists we feel that Ms. Hollander's advice is nothing short of tragically criminal since there is a very grave danger of genetic disorder occurring in such children.

The risk of abnormal characteristics coming to the fore is especially high in these cases. Brothers and sisters, having been born of the same parents, tend to have similar genetic make-up containing both "good" and "bad" genes. In the case of incest, therefore, the chances of two bad genes combining in their progeny are greatly increased. When this combination occurs bad genes will be expressed as a disorder or abnormality such as haemophilia, cretinism, phenylketonuria etc. The example of the "village idiot" in a small inbred community is an illustration of this.

We therefore strongly advise

J.K.'s sister to seek medical advice as soon as possible, and have diagnostic tests performed upon the foetus.—*D. E. C——, Anne C. Smith, R. A. Lindsay, School of Biological Sciences, University of East Anglia, Norwich NR4 7TJ.*

Second thoughts

I was very interested to read the letter from your correspondent, S.W.M., in Penthouse vol 9 no 8, particularly as he seems to echo most of my own feelings. Our circumstances, including a very sheltered sexual life, seem to be the same. I too, have been pleasantly married for 21 years with two children now (in this permissive age) on the point of departure from home.

How do you find real satisfaction out of life? Analysing myself, I must admit that I am jealous—of my own children and the opportunities they have for a full sex life, before, after and even without marriage.—*A.S. (full name and address withheld by request), Leeds 6.*

Dr Robert Chartham writes: First of all, let me say that one of the most common causes of rifts between parents and late adolescent and young adult children (especially between fathers and sons) is sexual jealousy on the part of the older generation. So you are not at all extraordinary in your reactions to your children, Mr A.S.

Nor is this kind of sexual jealousy a phenomenon of our age. It has existed since primitive times. The parent-child incest taboo—almost as old as Mankind—is a direct outcome of it. It would never do for a lusty young son to try to supplant his ageing father in the sexual affections of his mother, thus setting himself up as a rival for the leadership of the family unit; nor for the sexually aware daughter to seek to replace her mother in her father's affections. Nothing could be more disruptive of the life of the family unit.

If you come to think of it, it is not unnatural for a father or a mother in middle-age or post middle-age, whose sex-drive is slowing down or whose sex-life is being undermined by ignorance of the sexual potential of the older age-groups, to be jealous of children appreciative of and responding to the first flush of sexual vitality. The children represent to us our own lost youth, which we are all too prone to mourn. It strikes us as most unfair that they should just be starting to have all the fun, while our own fun seems to be beginning to peter out.

But in fact the situation is not really like this at all. The trouble is that we have such short memories, or the memories we do have betray us into falsehood. For either we forget exactly how we behaved sexually when younger, tending to represent ourselves as less permissive than our children's generation, when the truth is that we were just as permissive; or we glamourise and exaggerate our youthful sexual experience when we compare it with our present sexual activity. But our greatest mistake in this connection is our confusing quality with quantity.

You may not be having it off so frequently or so freely as you imagine your children are, Mr A.S., but I wouldn't mind betting that the quality of your less frequent fucking is far superior, derived as it is from a life-time's experience. If the truth were known, I would not be surprised if your children's imperfect tyro experiences made them envious of yours now.—Robert Chartham.

Droop snoot

Julia B's letter in vol 9 no 8 describing the intense pleasure she derived from sucking and manipulating her husband's foreskin since he had been infibulated was a double pleasure because it was a treat to read such an honest and candid appreciation of the "complete" penis written by a woman. Secondly, as a practising gay with a natural interest in the masculine sex attributes, it seemed true and worth repeating.

No society has appreciated the male form so keenly as the ancient Greeks who considered it a disgrace for the glans penis to be exposed in public. It follows that they must have admired the slim tapering and bud-like foreskin, since it was compulsory for every male to have his foreskin pierced or encircled to ensure it could not accidentally slip back during arousal (in athletics for example). One only has to study the male on Greek vases to note that when soft or erect the foreskin extended well beyond the glans and in some cases it may be as long as the 'body' of the penis itself.

I have always felt that the long tapering foreskin is the most sexually stimulating part of the male body, and I consider myself fortunate that my 'mate' is well endowed and although not infibulated his glans is completely covered when fully erect. Nothing gives me more pleasure than sucking and playing with the soft silky and pliable foreskin, moist with the slippery pre-ejaculation fluid which Julia B. also enjoys.

Infibulation would ensure this

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pleasure for every uncircumcised male. However I believe the ring or pin should be removable for a daily washing away of smegma and to allow the foreskin to slip back on penetration so that 'shooting-off' can happen naturally through the naked glans. It would, of course, be impractical to withdraw the foreskin on the numerous daily visits to the toilet though generally this is unnecessary. Although I have noticed a large number of young men tend to pull back the skin when peeing, I personally find the sight of peeing through a tight foreskin and the long ritual of shaking-off extremely exciting. There is surely no finer evidence of masculinity than a bulging crotch visibly marked by a damp patch. *—P.H. (name and address withheld by request), Harrogate, Yorkshire.*

We thought you caught it in your turn-ups—Editor.

Discipline Disciples

I have been particularly interested in the continuing correspondence and the occasional article in Penthouse on the subject of spanking.

I am in my 30s and am in close contact with mid and late age teenagers, mainly boys. As you and many of your readers may know, corporal punishment is common in schools in Southern Ireland. Teenagers are used to this form of discipine and actually claim to prefer it to other non-corporal methods such as extra homework, detention or notes to parents.

I received corporal punishment myself regularly both at home and at school up to school leaving age of 18. The instruments used, then and now, are the school cane and the school strap. In primary school, both boys and girls are beaten, in secondary, boys only.

Beatings are normally given by the teacher in the classroom when the offence takes place, and are generally given across the palms of the hands. In primary school, up to the age of 12, generally a light cane is used on the hands; in secondary, the straps are also used. The strap is considered the more severe of the two and is only used on older boys or in severe cases. As the strap can be carried in a pocket or briefcase, it is generally used in class. Boys stand at their desks and are strapped there and then. Generally the dose ranges from two to 12 strokes, divided between each hand. A boy of 14, for example, would be beaten about twice a week, at present.

Boys are sent to the head's office for more severe punishments, generally for smoking, lateness or staying away from school, and in the privacy of the office beatings are given on either hands or bottom or both. Hand beatings are called "handers" and bottom beatings are "benders". Beatings on both are "doubles".

In my own youth, my headmaster used canes across the bottom to give us "stinging benders" and straps to give "bruiser handers", the canes varying in thickness according to your age. On one occasion I was made to bend across a sofa and hold its sides, keeping my head low and bottom high. The headmaster's room was lofty and large and he could swing without fear of hitting anything but me. He raised the cane high and brought it cracking down on my seat with stinging force and causing intense pain. I was often delivered six on each hand and six across the seat. If any of us wore heavy woollen trunks, we were made to drop them to take the full force of the stingers. Boys with thin briefs were not asked to drop their pants. I was caned in those days on average about every two weeks on the bottom, and teenagers to whom I speak confirm corporal punishment is still in widespread use in Irish schools.*—J.B. (name and address withheld), Dublin, Ireland.*

Pet feet

The moment I spotted Penthouse vol 9 no 10 I bought it immediately and that's saying something because I've never bought the magazine before. I was sadly disappointed to discover your cover girl did not appear inside the magazine.

I have a strong foot fetish and from what I could see, she has very nice feet especially in the platform shoes in which she graces your cover. I cannot recall any magazine doing an article on foot fetishism with girls' feet beautifully arched or wearing platform shoes with sling backs. I'm getting a little carried away but I'd like to ask if we could see more of this girl wearing the same. I'll be buying Penthouse every month from now on anyway.*—G.T. (name and address not supplied), S.E. London.*

The girl is Olivia Elliot, who appeared in Penthouse vol 8 no 8, available from our Back Numbers Dept, Penthouse, 2 Bramber Rd, London W14 9PB, at the appalling giveaway price of 40p. Also of interest we are sure, to all muff divers, minge hurlers and ambidextrous snatch thatchers, wherever you may be.—Editor.

Pet feet—Olivia Elliot, vol 8 no 8, showing at least a foot

Stirring cocktails

At risk of crossing swords with an "expert" there are one or two points I wish to raise with Kingsley Amis regarding his article on "Dry Martinis" in Penthouse vol 9 no 9.

First, the cocktail that is stirred "for a minute or two" has yet to be concocted and is likely to have a very limited appeal because any drink so handled finally contains more water than anything else.

Second, the olive is *out*. Any experienced barman will use a twist of lemon unless customers specifically ask him otherwise.

Third, when a pearl onion is placed in a Dry Martini not only does the drink change its flavour, it also changes its name, and is called a "Gibson".

Fourth, one does not cause an international situation, friend, by using Noilly Prat instead of the stuff you mentioned. The original Dry Martini was made with this and, in my opinion, still is.

Fifth, the proportions are anything between 2 to 1 and 20 to 1, depending on the barbarity of the guests, but the correct Martini accepted from Bucking-

ham Palace down, prefer to keep to myself.

The "Ocean Rover" by the way, is an oil rig not a pub. Finding "Texas Tea" is more rewarding than providing "G and T".—*Peter P. Brayden, "Ocean Rover", O.D.E.C.O. (UK) Inc., Aberdeen.*

*Kingsley Amis writes: What has made Mr Brayden so cross? From the way he writes you might think I'd tried to poison him. His remarks are inaccurate or irrelevant or hopelessly vague (*why *won't he tell us the proportions of the "correct" Martini?), but only one needs correcting. I don't understand his "international situation" crack, if it is a crack, but he seems to be saying that Noilly Prat makes the best Dry Martini. Not so—too dark and too flavoury. If the "original Dry Martini" was made with Noilly Prat and not Martini Dry, why and how did it ever get called the Dry* Martini*?*

Sex education

As a mother with a son who will soon be 13, I was very interested to read in Penthouse vol 9 no 10, the letter from Mr A. V. of Bucks. I also get angry with people who ignore the fact that most children do have a natural interest in sex. These people, often in positions of authority, actually discourage young children from asking questions about sexual matters and answer them in a way that leaves the youngster baffled or upset.

How I agree with your correspondent when he states that in early childhood sex education should come from the parents. My mother always explained anything that puzzled me about my own body. At the age of 11 she told me exactly how a baby was conceived, and she never tried to hide from me the fact that when a man and woman are joined in sexual union they experience extreme pleasure and happiness. I began masturbating at 10 and my mother told me that most girls did this and that it was a natural way to relieve tension.

I was married at 17, after a number of love affairs which taught me that there was far more to a relationship between a man and woman than sex. Not all my affairs developed to full intercourse, although since the age of 14 I always allowed my boyfriends to fondle my breasts and enjoyed their caresses. I had to be very fond of a boy before I would let him stroke me between my legs. My mother always told me that when things progressed this far, it was difficult not to go all the way and even provided me with condoms which I insisted the boys wear. The main thing is that I fulfilled the pleasure potential of my body, understood my own sexual needs and understood the sexual needs of the male.

I have such a good relationship with my husband that I have always tried to convey to my son the emotional and spiritual side of sex when answering his questions about his body and the female body. There is little false modesty in our family and my son has always been used to the sight of my naked body. Consequently when at the age of seven he asked me where he came from I was able to show him the part of me from which he emerged when he was born.

He was eight when he asked me what a husband and wife do to produce a baby and I told him that nine months before he was born, his father placed his penis inside me and planted his seed inside me, and a baby began that way. When he asked where my husband put his penis, I told him it was placed in that special opening between my legs. This answer satisfied him completely for the time being. I am closer to my son than my husband is and I'm usually the one Tim asks these questions. Brian, my husband, occasionally has a confidential chat with Tim, but it is usually I who answer questions on the facts of life. I was 18 when I gave birth to him and when he was eight I told him the correct vocabulary for the parts of the body.

Tim had his first erection at the age of nine. He woke with his penis quite rigid and showed it to me when I went to wake him. I reassured him it was quite normal and that it would go down to its normal size very soon. I also explained to him why he was circumcised when a baby, and explained that a tight foreskin would make his penis hurt when he had an erection. Almost at once his penis shrank to normal size. When, a few days later, Tim told me that he had touched his organ and it felt so nice that he could not stop playing with it, I realised that now was an opportunity to explain in detail what sex really involved. As far as memory permits, this is what I told him:

"When a man and a woman, or a boy and a girl love each other, they will sometimes feel a powerful urge to join their bodies together in a very special way. This is called making love or sex. The man caresses the woman's body and prepares her special opening where her legs meet by stroking her in a special way. This makes them both very excited and the woman goes soft and warm and the lips surrounding

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THE STATE OF BRITISH BEER

Is our beer getting weaker? Was the Old English pint of ale from the wood as good as some people say it was? Is keg beer being thrust upon an unwilling beer drinker and, if so, who's to blame and what can be done about it? Find out exactly what is happening to British beer next month in Penthouse.

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STARTLING SEX INFORMER SERIES

Ex-Penthouse Associate Editor and author of *How to Improve Your Man in Bed* Lynn Barber begins a stunning series of interviews with women next month. Read what turns a woman on . . . how they like their men . In other words . . . how they love to be loved.

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Leonard Setright tests the new £30,000 Rolls-Royce, Penthouse pays a pictorial visit to the last British submarine built to World War II design and Wicked Wanda returns with one of the wildest capers of all.

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her vagina open out and swell up and the man's penis becomes stiff. When the woman is as soft and warm around her vagina as possible, the man places his erect penis at the entrance to her vagina and slides it in as far as it will go."

At this, Tim asked, "It seems funny to do that. Do you and Daddy do that?"

I replied: "Yes, because we love each other so much and we enjoy making love. Eventually Daddy's seed leaves his penis and enters my womb but something has to happen first. Daddy moves his body up and down so that his penis moves in and out. My vagina grips his penis and produces a very special feeling which is so nice that Daddy just has to continue to move up and down."

Tim then asked me what that very special feeling was like. I explained that it was the same sort of feeling he had when he played with his erect penis and was unable to take his hands away. I explained that I too received great pleasure from the act of love.

He asked: "Does it feel as nice as that?"

"It's even better," I replied. "When Daddy makes love to me his penis feels so delicious and wonderful that he becomes very excited and happy and I become excited and happy and suddenly he moves very quickly and Daddy's sperm shoots out of his penis. At this moment the pleasure in Daddy's penis intensifies and he can only concentrate on the joy he feels. Then his movements fade and we lie in each others' arms, happy and satisfied. All over the world, men and women express their love for each other in that unique and wonderful way. Nature decrees that conceiving a child is very enjoyable, but man's skill and ingenuity overcomes the possibility of conception by birth control." Since then I have explained that masturbation is harmless and natural but should take place in private. I have told him all about birth control and answered his questions on homosexuality, V.D., prostitution and rape etc. Even today, some schools seem to deliberately leave out the pleasureable aspects of sex in the same way that most pornography is totally devoid of emotions. After all, during intercourse, minds as well as bodies experience pleasure and happiness.

My husband is a very tender and considerate lover and even talks to me as he commences his slow deliberate thrusts at the start of love. Needless to say, once I have begun to contract my vaginal muscles, his talk abruptly ceases and I know his mind can only savour the acute deliciousness in his thrusting penis. Sometimes I straddle him and move up and down very slowly and he is able to talk as long as I move slowly, but when I speed up my movements his eyes close and he is silent. I mention this because before long my son may be experiencing his first sexual encounter and I hope he will be tender and thoughtful when he makes love to a girl.

Incidentally, before I close I would like to say how much I liked Louise who was featured at the end of vol 9 no 10. She really does have a nice face and figure. My body compares quite well to hers, except that my legs are on the plumpish side and my pubic hair is rather untidy. I liked her comments about "having the hand of a sexy man tucked down the back of my bikini pants". Perfect.—*Mrs R. T. (name and address withheld), Watford, Herts.*

Three's thrills

In reply to the letter of J.B., my wife and I suggest that he tries a threesome.

I had the same desire but my wife was against it at first. How it came about was by going to night clubs. We got to know a few people and with a few drinks my wife soon lost her inhibitions. We started by doing sexy dancing. In no time she had offers to dance. Then we offered to bring one chap home for coffee. We got talking about sex and this made her feel randy. Well, one thing led to another and it wasn't long before the fellow was touching her up. I was feeling one breast and he the other, then I bared her tit and caressed her nipple. She soon got in the mood and suggested going to bed. She laid between us and was soon working her hands around our pricks. He was very eager. As he mounted her, I knelt level with her head. So as she sucked my prick I could watch her being fucked by this other man. *It was fantastic.* I even saw her hips push up as he shot his juice. Then when I fucked her she was truly worked up.

My wife says the main point is to be very careful in who you select for your sexual adventure. She also takes an interest in sizes. My measurement is 5in thick, 9½in length.—*J.P. (name and address supplied), Harrogate.*

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GINNY

"I'm a country girl. I'm much too innocent to be living in London. I keep falling for the wrong men. I'm all slow and silly in the mornings and they think they can twist me round their little fingers. They're right – they can."

Too innocent for big bad London she may think she is, but it is the west country hospitality of 18-year-old Ginny McAlpine that has proved her own delicious downfall.

"Don't you say that," she protests. "I don't keep open-house. Anyway it's much too small—it's only a tiny little flat in West Ken and it costs me a fortune. The gas meter's always going clonk. What usually happens is that some male friend from Somerset, who I

haven't seen for years and years, will get my number from someone else and he'll ring up in the middle of the night and say he's just arrived in London and he's nowhere to stay. So, all blurry and half-asleep, I say, all right, but you'll have to sleep on the couch in the hall, and I make up my mind there is no way he is going to get within *eight inches* of my bed. Then I start waking up a little and I start thinking about things like eight inches and, oh, shut up, I didn't mean that, you're getting me at it. What I mean is it's so cold in the hall

and they look so sad and cold and uncomfy and I relent and they can come into my lovely big warm double bed and well, you know, they start cajoling me and twisting me round their fingers and well, you know what some men can do with their fingers. It happens nearly every time." Born in the west country —she won't say where because her parents weren't, she insists, entirely happy about their one and only, sweet and tender daughter throwing herself on London's mercy—"On London's buses, actually. I throw myself on buses. You have to, in the rush hour"—and resident in town for the past 12 months, the 36-24-36 Miss McAlpine works as secretary to a pharmaceutical executive—"And don't start asking me if I can get you those little rubber things because I can but I keep them for myself, I hate the pill. I blew some up once, in pretty colours and hung them in my room but no-one noticed." Innocent she may be of the ways of wolves, this cheeky McAlpine, but twisted round your little finger—never.

LUSTY AMSTERDAM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75

be persecuted," mused an elderly actor to his young Indonesian mistress on the terrace of HOTEL SCHILLER (Rembrandsplein; 23-16-60). "Show strength and you will be persecuted. . . . We are a narrow-minded but tolerant people living in a socialistic country run by capitalists who hold some very liberal views in their own conservative way."

Everts Jagerman, Chief Press Officer for the Amsterdam police, comments on some of the paradoxes in Dutch law and society: "You know, we have actually abolished the city "vice squad" in spring, 1974, at the height of prostitution, massage parlour and live show activities. As long as they are no threat to the lives and well-being of our people, the police are better occupied on other matters. Anyway, who can prove the man or woman is having sex there, inside the sauna? . . . Perhaps we are more indifferent than tolerant; indifferent because we are pure individuals. I don't see that widespread sexual freedom has caused the city any great harm. Because the live shows and massage parlours are permitted to operate more or less openly, organised crime has absolutely no means to gain entrance into the sex business.

"Dutch people normally wash themselves once a week. This cleanliness business is overrated by tourists," continues deheer Jagerman, "but suddenly there seems to be a great importance placed upon bathing in public baths and saunas. I think we now have more than 130 saunas and baths in Amsterdam. Thus, we are Europe's cleanest town." (Lord Longford would have demurred.)

Among the best houses is BLOW UP (Stadhouderskade 156, near the police station; 71-50-61). One year membership is f25, entrance f50, which entitles one to all the drinks and tasty snacks one can consume, but no bath. That, and a beautiful young woman (or gentleman for females) to help one sail one's toy boats costs another f150. Tastefully trendy décor, a blend of Biba and Zarach—Chocolate bidets, rattan chairs, ceiling mirrors, dimmers, etc.

Confirming one's assumption that many Dutch establishments are more dependent on local trade than on tourists, Blow Up is closed up Friday and Saturday so clients (and staff) can spend weekends with their families. Open from 5pm-5am.

Nearby and larger, but not quite as posh, is BAYADERA (Westeinde 18; 25-11-23). Open seven days a week, so one gathers they're not so choosy about coachloads. Drinks free, entrance f50, extras from f200.

MASSAGE-INSTITUUT YVONNE (Spuistraat 122A; 67-561; from 10pm-2am) is nearly as good as Blow-Up.

While you're in the neighbourhood browse CALIENTE-SADOMA S/M shop at Spuistraat 21.

If one prefers a nice piece of asp to Caliente's black snake whips, SOCIETEIT CLEOPATRA CLUB INTERNATIONAL, a posh modern establishment facing Lijnbaansgracht's picturesque canal, will not disappoint. But don't barge right in; phone 22-01-67 first and explain your interests.

Incidentally, while in this charming area of pricey but fascinating antique shops just off the Leidseplein, have dinner at LA CACEROLA (Weteringstraat 41), an extremely worthwhile early (to 1am) Spanish restaurant whose food is as appealing as its flamenco guitar. Call 65-397 and say: *"Shalom."* The city offers many other romantic restaurants—*gazellig*, candlelit, and often with canal views.

SEPTEMBER (Reestraat 28-32; 22-31-85) is casually elegant and absolutely superb; and usually fully booked. If so, try DE GOUDEN EEUW (Keizersgracht 402; 22-79-34); or LE DE DORA (Egelantiersstraat 124; 22-08-61); or KELDERHOF (Prinsengrach 494; 22-06-82); or LE GOURMET (O.Z. Voorburgwal 64; 22-28-74). If you're lucky enough to have managed accommodation in a centrally located hotel as good as THE CARLTON (Vijzelstraat 2-18; 22-22-66), why not have an early night . . . for a change.

Next day do the Rijksmuseum and afterwards relax at RELAX (Balthazar Floriszstraat 37-39; 76-21-76), a nearby playful sauna. Russian massage too. If they miss a couple of spots behind the ears, SAUNA DOLLIE (Gerard Douplein 8; 72-78-24) has "every kind of massage for ladies and gentlemen." More of the same at SAUNA JAVA (Javastraat 196; 35-99-60).

The Pill, in fairly widespread use for the past five years, has been as emancipating here as in England and America. Up to the early 1960s one could generalise that Dutch females were as shy as their German contemporaries, warmer but less approachable sexually than Swedish girls. If dress is one criterion of lifestyle, the Dutch, especially those of Amsterdam, have blossomed marvellously. In the warmer months they appear to wear the flimsiest, shortest clothing seen in any major European capital. Of course they are easy to meet. Because Amsterdam's nightlife is so inexpensive it has never become terribly snobbish or clannish. And unescorted women are welcome in nearly all establishments.

On weekdays pubs close at 1 am, bars at 2 am, discotheques at 3 am, nightclubs and striptease at 4 am, and all an hour later on weekends. Taxis are expensive, but drivers honest. (However, ignore those early-morning touts in Rembrandtsplein who offer excursions to blue-film houses, brothels with bathtubs, etc. at 50 to 150 guilders the trip. If you've seen one—and by now it is presumed you have—you've seen them all.) Don't forget, the meter charge includes your 15% tip. There are excellent tram connections (payment is on the honour system); they run swiftly and frequently but power goes off shortly after midnight. (An underground will be ready by 1977.) Considering that nightlife is fairly well centred in two proximate areas (neither terribly far from Jordaan or the red-light canals), the Leidseplein and the Rembrandtsplein, and that Amsterdam is so compact and flat—built to such a tiny scale that people never feel dwarfed or inhibited by their surroundings—by far the best methods of exploring it are by foot or bicycle.

If you've already seen striptease in Hamburg, the Amsterdam version—the clubs are centred in the Rembrandtsplein and adjacent Thorbeckeplein—can be as exciting as watching your sister take her clothes off in your grandmother's living room while your brother-in-law plays the accordian. But when such an atmosphere prevails in cabaret bars like CAROUSEL (Thorbeckeplein 20) where the antics of the waiters, bartenders, *and* the patrons are a show and a half, you'll agree it's the perfect ambiance for making new friends. The Carousel is really what Amsterdam nightlife is all about. And so is VOOM VOOM (Raamstraat 14), a rather with-it discothèque. And KING'S CLUB (Korte Leidsedwarsstraat 85). And the venerable piano of Gé van Toorenburg at CORRIDA CLUB (Wagenstraat 2).

But then, so is nearby Utrechtsestraat, apparently the only street in the centre of town where streetwalkers are openly tolerated by the police. Some comparatively overpriced stalkers—from f50 to f75. But the real attractions are the flaming creatures who favour the corner of Keizersgracht, some so deft with their wigs, tiaras, and waxed legs that it is impossible to tell that they are actually transvestites. Fifty guilders for one is not quite sure what. And the opportunity to visit a real Dutch home.

Amsterdam nightlife is at its most vibrant and sociable around the Leidseplein. "Respectable" females of all ages and

Window shopping in the Nieuwendijk at Total Sex Boutique. Ball-binders and busters. Handcuffs to hold old King Kong.

backgrounds—perhaps even some *uitgaande vrouwen*, i.e. "good-time women"—are found in dozens of clubs, discothèques, bars and pubs. A highly representative few: BLUE NOTE (Korte Leidsedwarsstraat 71; best pick-up nightclub); and FEMINA (second best; Rembrandtsplein 44); both have moderate prices, strip tease and variety acts, and many many single women from about 25 to 40. BAMBOO BAR (66 Lang Leidsedwarsstraat) and CONTINENTAL-BODEGA (Lijnbaansgracht 246) may be the best singles establishments in town, especially the latter which has four whole floors of models and advertising and telly people and delicious snacks (mussels, saté, etc.,). BOEING CLUB is a great favourite of stewardesses, especially Friday and Sunday nights; Prinsengracht 480. As in most clubs admission is free: beer is f1.75. If you miss the British beers and their girls and Dutch girls who savour all things British, try BRITANNIA PUB: Leidseplein.

And opposite, don't miss the terrace and cavernous indoor café of the AMERICAN HOTEL, or the nearby CAFE REYNDERS and the CAFE EIJLDERS. And next door CLUB PRIVE (which many visitors think is strictly private but is, in fact, simply choosy) and marvellous once you get inside. A large wood-panelled bar, for years the *must* rendezvous for a fascinating collection of writers, journalists, models, artists, photographers, and hangers-on. All these are in the Leidseplein.

Because few clubs charge admission (and that only nominal) and unescorted women are welcomed in nearly all establishments, a man's best approach is the most obvious one: wander in and out of several places and see what suits you. If one must pursue the Jet Set, try beating on the very exclusive door of GROOTE CLUB; or THE INDUSTRIAL CLUB on the Dam Square.

If by now you haven't met someone you like, try one of the many "brown cafes"—Amsterdam's delightful brown-walled pubs. A recommended selection: DE FLES (Vijzelstraat 137), DE PILSENER CLUB (Begijnensteeg 4), sawdust and authentic nostalgia. DE POOL (Oude Hoogstraat 8), dancing, jazz, children's paintings, and fine steaks. HOPPE (Spui 18), classic journalists' pub, common bar on the right, lounge on the left. DE KONINGSHUT (Spuistraat 269), very popular bird pulling pub. PAPENEILAND (Prinsengracht 2), lovely antiques, candlelight, low 17th century beams. DE PELS (Huidenstraat 25); chess or draughts at the communal table and lots of charming adversaries. DE ELAND (Prinsengracht 296); billiards and if you buy everyone in the bar a drink the barman will ring the bell in your honour, a 200-year-old custom. 'T SCHAARTJE (Spuistraat 285); Excellent saté—skewered pork in peanut sauce—and a favourite of film makers, actresses, and fans.

Nothing is more indicative of Amsterdam's tolerance than the fact that most gay bars and clubs are within five minutes' walking distance of the Leidseplein, and not buried in some far-off corner of the city. Holland, and particularly Amsterdam, is as a lamp to moths for homosexuals throughout the world. Each year tens of thousands arrive on holiday, many by the charter planeload. It is because of the liberal law that they come, and the fact that it has been in force for a number of years and thus presumably well accepted by Dutch society, and not because the Dutch make more or better homosexuals than anyone else.

In the Netherlands sexual relations between consenting parties are legal if accomplished in private and without corrupting minors. (The age of consent has been lowered to 16.)

Of Amsterdam's two leading homosexual organisations, the C.O.C. and the D.O.K., the former is definitely more "serious," in the sense Europeans use that word. With substantial headquarters just off the Leidseplein at Korte Leidsedwarsstraat 49 (6-45-11) it is more than a mere cruising ground for lonely "queers," though certainly it is that as well. C.O.C.—it was called "Shakespeare Club before World War II—offers members a library, discussion and TV rooms, lecture and film programmes, psychiatric and religious counselling (it has its own clergyman), and is engaged in a variety of political and social activity on behalf of homophiles. Members come from all walks of life and are thus assessed according to their incomes; of the 8,000 actives about 600 are lesbians. *Any* foreign adult, on production of a passport and f4.50, can effect temporary membership. Last year over 15,000 sought new friendships at the affable, sober bar and discothèque—decor: early Manchester bowling alley. For the straight and simply curious visitor perhaps the most startling sight is the middle-aged men, in quiet conservative business suits, clinched in a slow foxtrot or casually holding hands in the corner.

One C.O.C. member maintains that Amsterdam's many "sympathetic" hotels (for a list and accommodations contact JAN'S HOTEL BOOKING, 22 Frederiksplein; 22-27-37, or 76-40-89) fall into only two classifications: ". . . those used by members of the C.O.C., and the rest for people from D.O.K."

The D.O.K. club has a flash, bitchy discothèque at Single 460 (23-75-03) whose members, in large part, are younger and more with-it than those of C.O.C.

Just next door at Singel 458 the HOTEL COME BACK (67-519) gets f35-45 a night. Perhaps it should be called "Hotel Come On", if only because passers-by may be tempted to peer through the low picture window to admire the semi-precious antiques—silk-papered walls, cherubed chandelier, etc.—among the dashing young guests gathered amid the rococory. The exquisitely cut night clerk refused even to dignify a well-meant—but admittedly loaded—query: that one had heard a possibility of the house was four and more to a room. Draw your own conclusions. And the silk brocade curtains.

Dutch heterosexuals find Dutch homosexuals quite ordinary. Which is exactly the way the latter like it. Most disappointed are those naive homophile tourists who think they've journeyed to a kind of gay heaven where the streets are paved with beautiful available young men. There are such streets. There are such young men. But they charge from 20 to 100 guilders for their favours, depending on what the traffic can bear and how well hung it is. ("Business boys" abound along the Singel, especially near the bridge at Heisteeg.) Unlike most heterosexual female prostitutes, many male hustlers find it difficult to avoid doing the thing for love as well as money.

It's the law in Holland: males are not permitted to dress as females in public. Apparently no problem, however, with toreador pantsuits, much favoured by the "better boys" (f40-100) of Leidsestraat, a main thoroughfare leading into the Leidseplein.

"You're not gay?" muses the affable night manager of HOTEL UNIQUE (Kerkstraat 37; 24-47-85). "It's all right, I had a father who wasn't either." Careful scrutiny through the peephole here, no women, not even lesbians, allowed. The Unique is generally acknowledged to be the best managed of Amsterdam's dozens of gay hotels.

For those who enjoy exciting, authentic homosexual cabaret, planes leave Schipol airport frequently for Paris and Berlin. MADAME ARTHUR'S (Korte Leidsedwarsstraat 45) ads say "every night a travesty show," and they are accurate.

THERMOS I (Egelantiersstraat 246) is an all-nighter. THERMOS II (Raamstraat 33; noon to 11 pm) has "all the best gentlemen." And SAUNA ATHLETIC (Nieuwendijk 100) smells vaguely of leather.

An unmistakable odour permeates PARADISIO (Weteringschans 8, near the Leidseplein). One of many such youth clubs supported by the city government (others have included KOSMOS and FANTASIO II, among the many "Provadayas" throughout the country where soft-tripping is permitted), Paradisio was converted from a church, offers light shows and rock groups. But most of the 300 or more young people who jam it nightly seem too busy smoking their brains out to notice.

As is well-known, soft drugs are tolerated by the Dutch authorities, but hard stuff and dealing in anything is strictly forbidden. What may not be generally well-known is that *possessing or using any sort of drug from marijuana up is officially illegal in Holland.* However, smoking hash or grass in places like Paradisio is OK. If all that sounds confusing, consider: the Dutch are, at this writing, much too conservative and as hypocritical as any nation, to enact a law legalising drug use.

Whoever you are in this troubled world, Amsterdam remains a triumph of man's ingenuity, humour, rational compromise and tolerance. And woman's too.* For Amsterdam contains more man/woman-made beauty—albeit a peaceful, unspectacular sort of environment—than any Continental metropolis. And probably more woman/man-made opportunities for sex, love and romance than any city its size in the world.

*However, Dolle Mina (Herengracht 88) are latecomers by comparison with American woman's liberation groups. They have similar objectives but, for the most part, different temperaments and tactics; or at least the whimsical approach is more common here than it is in the U.S. or the U.K. "BAAS IN EIGEN BUIK" ("Boss of our own bellies") is painted on many a tummy, and the ladies aren't shy about baring them. In an attack on double standards the Dolle Mina have been whistling at, ogling, even pinching men in the streets (or in the balls), "just to let them know how it feels." Thus far everyone reports it feels fine.

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PAIN IN THE NECK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50

Recently Hammer have developed a successful decadent style with their films on lady vampires with lesbian leanings. In Transylvanian folklore the most powerful vampires *are* female, including one real life lesbian vampire whom no-one could put on the screen in her entirety for the film would not only be banned but probably burned as well. Hammer did produce a watered down version of her exploits, *Countess Dracula* (1971), featuring this Countess Elizabeth Bathory, "a bloodthirsty and blood-sucking, Godless woman caught in the act at Csejthe castle", in the words of the judges passing sentence upon her in 1611.

At an early age she'd married a Count Nadasdy who spent most of his time away fighting the Turks. During his long absences she paid frequent visits to her aunt, the Countess Klara Bathory, a well known lesbian. Previously a vigorous heterosexual, Elizabeth thus became involved in lesbian orgies and participated in one of her aunt's favourite pastimes, the beating of naked, big-bosomed girls. The Countess Elizabeth was a famous beauty, but vain and narcissistic.

Clockwise – Ingrid Pitt, favourite Hammer vampire lady and Maddy Smith, favourite victim. Transylvanian heartache. House of Whipcord, hanging.

After her husband's death, the inexorable ageing process she witnessed daily in her mirror drove her frantic. A sorceress, Darvulia, convinced her that bathing in virgins' blood was the elixir of youth. Elizabeth lost no time. Now it was not just a matter of four or five naked girls standing in front of her ladyship embroidering her finery and trembling in anticipation of the whip. Her perversions had evolved new refinements. A girl with big breasts would be chosen from the well stocked dungeons, stripped and forced naked into a narrow cage. The cage had huge pointed metal spikes, turned inward. It would be hoisted up to the ceiling. A minion would start burning and stabbing at the unfortunate girl who, recoiling, would be slashed by the spikes and eventually impaled on them. And the Countess Elizabeth, screaming and writhing in a sexual frenzy would sit under the cage and expose her wrinkled face and arms to the shower of blood and drink it.

Countess Elizabeth loved to bathe at daybreak in the blood of the slaughtered girls but it still did not halt the advance of visible age. An element of sexual jealousy became increasingly apparent in the attention she gave to "punishing" the girls' breasts—jealous towards what she had lost forever—their youth and beauty. She threatened to kill her current sorceress (Darvulia had died) for deceiving her. This crone cunningly replied that her charms were not working because of the inferior quality of the peasant girls' blood. Only blue blood would do the trick.

The Countess invited the daughters of the gentry to her castle, ostensibly to learn social deportment, including, an eyewitness said, "a big and beautiful girl, the daughter of a nobleman, and they killed her too." Such an action sealed her fate.

The spilt blood of peasant girls might go unheeded among the ruling classes, that of nobly born girls did not. Within two years Countess Bathory and the case of the 650 missing virgins came to court. Even then, owing to strenuous lobbying by her family, her life was spared. The Countess was walled up alive in her castle only to die there, three years later, in the words of a contemporary chronicler, "suddenly and without a crucifix and without light."

If Hammer's attempt to put Elizabeth Bathory on the screen was doomed, they fared better with the revival of Sheridan Le Fanu's classic lesbian vampire, Carmilla. In the *Vampire Lovers* (1970) Ingrid Pitt as Mircalla rises from her grave and stalks the screen to avenge the death of her relatives, claiming many female victims on the way and displaying a special interest in their breasts. The enormous commercial success of *The Vampire Lovers* led the next year to *Lust for a Vampire* which, unlike most cinematic sequels, was actually better than the original. Jimmy Sangster's direction exploited the possibilities inherent in Mircalla, this time played by Yutte Stensgaard, let loose in a girls' finishing school.

As David Pirie puts it in his book, *A Heritage of Horror:* "The film is full of furtive adolescent vampirising behind locked doors, lesbian assignations by moonlit lakes and the petty sexual jealousies of the classroom and the dormitory."

Now let us return to the question of the Englishness of English horror. In what does it lie? Someone once called the traditional English murder mystery "a case of snobbery with violence", and the phrase is equally applicable to traditional English horror. We have always had a taste for vicarious violence and have always, oddly enough, linked it with our betters. Otherwise why should so many people believe that Jack the Ripper was a gentleman? And who ever heard of a working class vampire? Terence Fisher is revealing when he talks about how he introduced an English Dracula for the first time to the film audiences of the world. "The boy standing in the hall of the house turns and looks up the staircase and way up above is the figure of Dracula, silhouetted at the top. He descends, still in silhouette, towards us. The audience expects the worst possible horror as he comes right up to the camera, then into view comes this very charming, handsome man." Delighted to meet you, Count Dracula! And what a charming country seat you have! Through some oversight, doubt-

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Another very English quality manifested in horror movies is a kind of amateur sadism. In the heart of every true Englishman there beats a desire to visit Miss Whip. Or to take his secretary over his knee and smack her pert bottom until she howls for mercy. It is my firm belief that we English prefer our sex to be both furtive and a bit kinky. The terror and delight mimed by pretty, young actresses as the vampire's fangs approach their throat or, better still, their bared bosoms, satisfies that strain in the English character. As does the symbolism, however overt. That famous hypocrisy the Continentals accuse us of is only the Englishman's preference for eccentric symbolism rather than coming straight out with it.

As for womens' attitudes Bela Lugosi himself had this to say about his vast female fanmail: "For generations they (women) have been the subject sex. This seems to have bred a masochistic interest—an enjoyment of, or at least a keen interest—in suffering experienced vicariously through the screen." The critic who greeted Hammer's first Frankenstein movie with the proposal that there should be a new certificate, "Sadists Only", was perhaps right.

If Hammer have had little success with modern horror, other film companies have fared better, notably Amicus, headed by an English-based American producer, Milton Subotsky, whose philosophy of horror is entirely different. "I like the fantasy element", he explained, "and I like the puzzle element. The best example of that we did was a very successful film, *Scream and Scream Again* (1969). Actually it was a lousy film, a terrible film, but I had Vincent Price, Christopher Lee and Peter Cushing in it and from the beginning to the last 10 seconds the audience didn't know what was going on."

To this end Amicus have compiled a highly profitable anthology of horrors, such as *Torture Garden* (1966), *Tales from the Crypt* (1971), *Vault of Horror* (1972) and *Asylum* (1972). The stories are American in origin, some from the pen of Robert Bloch, who wrote Hitchcock's *Psycho.* The most English element in Amicus's films is the fine character actors they employ. *Tales from the Crypt* even featured the appearance, as the crypt-keeper, of Sir Ralph Richardson at his most sepulchral. But the most successful contemporary horror film and the one that best illustrates the sadism implicit in the English character is Pete Walker's *House of Whipcord* (1974).

Its clever, all too credible script by film critic David McGillivray concerns a young French model, Ann-Marie, played by Penny Irving, who is kidnapped and taken before a blind Justice (nice touch, that) who sentences her to imprisonment for the crime of permissiveness—posing in the nude! He blandly informs her that she is before a private court, outside the legislative laws of the land. In his country residence, an old county jail, languish his female victims supervised by his wife, a sadistic ex-prison governess. Punishment is limited but harsh. For the first offence, solitary confinement; for the next, a whipping and for the third—and last—hanging. Ann-Marie escapes, is recaptured, brutally flogged and hanged, just before rescuers arrive. The film reveals what a puritan backlash would lead to. Literally a backlash.

Where does horror go from here? Dracula was recently visited by a Chinese fan who complained bitterly that the peasants in his village were taking absolutely no notice of vampires these days. "Please, master", he begged, "let the legend live on!" Dracula obligingly took over his body and journeyed to Hong Kong to meet up with the Kung-Fu experts of Run Run Shaw's studios, led by Peter Cushing as his old enemy, Professor Van Helsing, on a lecture tour. *The Legend of the Seven Golden Vampires* (1974) once again proved that Dracula may be Britain's finest export salesman.

Recently American money has produced *Frankenstein: The True Story,* which it wasn't, and a spate of jockey vampire movies like *Vampira* and *Count Downe* with Ringo Starr. Lacking our heritage the Americans, fine fellows though they are, seem unable to take vampires seriously. Milton Subotsky confessed to me that he was only happy sending them up, which, incidentally, he did very well in *Vault of Horror.* Still, we should worry. With Dracula here to guide us, there is some corner of a foreign market that is forever Transylvania . . . er England. The English film industry may be dead but in its undead state it is laughing all the way to the tomb. Dracula is dead and well and living in Wardour Street.

Recommended Further Reading: The Dracula Myth: Gabriel Ronay (W H Allen). A Heritage of Horror: David Pirie (Gordon Fraser). The House of Horror: (Lorrimer). Horror Movies: Alan Frank (Octopus).

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